

PR 5311

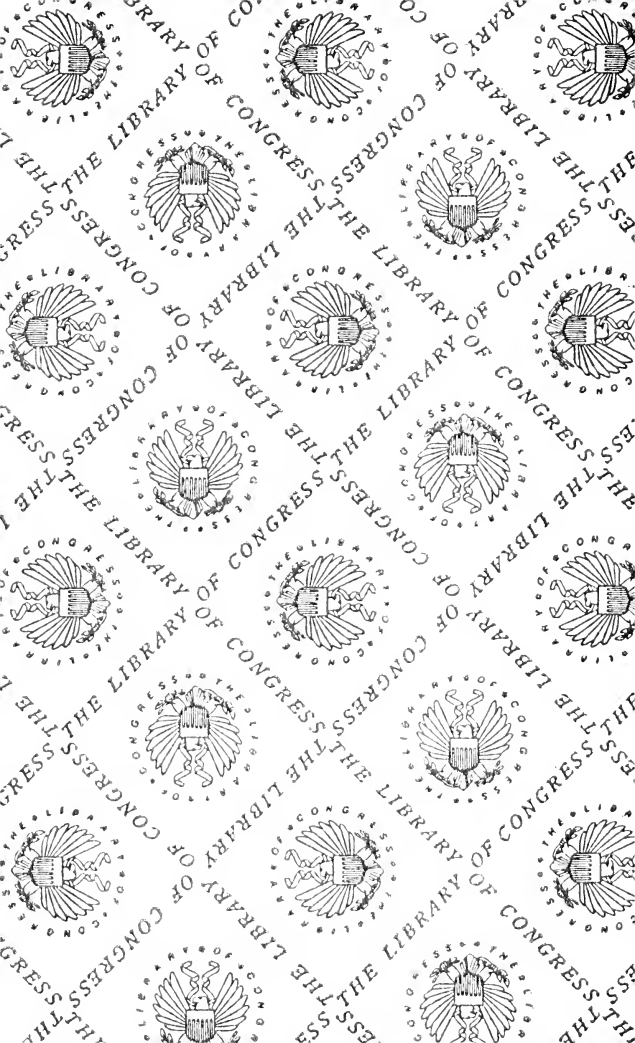
.A1

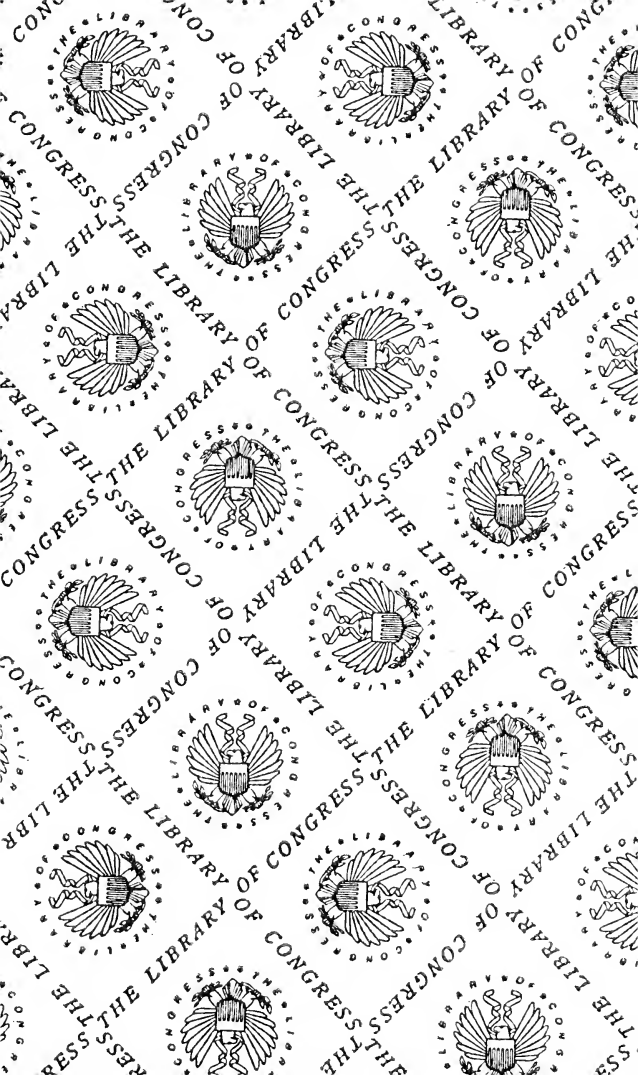
1890z

**LIBRARY OF CONGRESS**



00003383258











# MARMION

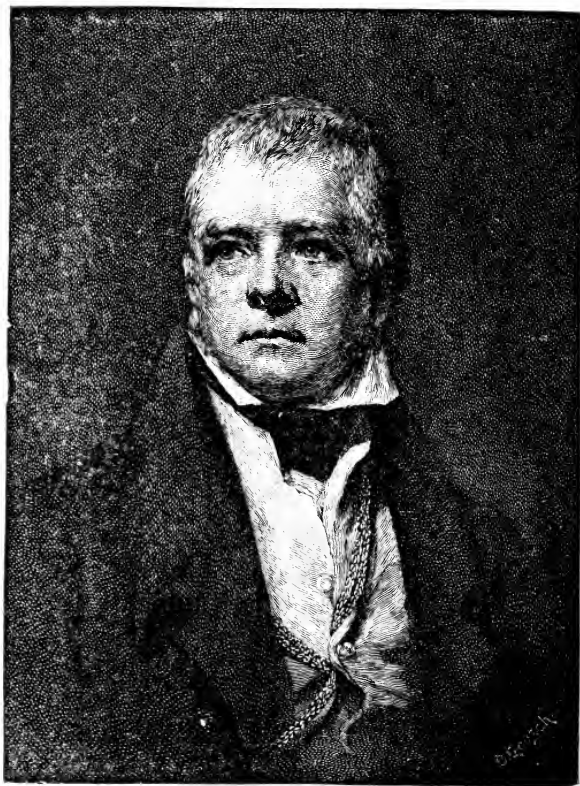
BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT.









SIR WALTER SCOTT.

□189-?□

PR 5311

.A1

15903

388  
15903  
22 15903 15903 15903  
15903 15903 15903 15903

# MARMION:

## A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

IN SIX CANTOS.

Alas! that Scottish maid should sing  
The combat where her lover fell!  
That Scottish Bard should wake the string,  
The triumphs of our foes to tell!

— LEYDEN.



THE present story turns upon the private adventures of a fictitious character; but is called a Tale of Flodden Field, because the hero's fate is connected with that memorable defeat, and the causes which led to it. The design of the Author was, if possible, to apprise his readers, at the outset, of the date of his Story, and to prepare them for the manners of the Age in which it is laid. Any Historical Narrative, far more an attempt at Epic composition, exceeded his plan of a Romantic tale; yet he may be permitted to hope, from the popularity of *THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL*, that an attempt to paint the manners of the feudal times, upon a broader scale, and in the course of a more interesting story, will not be unacceptable to the Public.

The Poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with the defeat of Flodden, 9th September, 1513.

ASHESTIEL, 1808.

## CANTO FIRST.

## THE CASTLE.

## I.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,  
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,  
And Cheviot's mountains lone :  
The battled towers, the donjon keep,  
The loophole grates, where captives weep,  
The flanking walls that round it sweep,  
In yellow lustre shone.  
The warriors on the turrets high,  
Moving athwart the evening sky,  
Seem'd forms of giant height :  
Their armor, as it caught the rays,  
Flash'd back again the western blaze,  
In lines of dazzling light.

## II.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,  
Now faded, as the fading ray  
Less bright, and less, was flung ;  
The evening gale had scarce the power  
To wave it on the Donjon Tower,  
So heavily it hung.

The scouts had parted on their search,  
The Castle gates were barr'd ;  
Above the gloomy portal arch,  
Timing his footsteps to a march,  
The Warder kept his guard ;  
Low humming, as he paced along,  
Some ancient Border gathering song.

## III.

A distant trampling sound he hears ;  
He looks abroad, and soon appears,  
O'er Horncliff-hill a plump of spears,  
Beneath a pennon gay ;  
A horseman, darting from the crowd,  
Like lightning from a summer cloud,  
Spurs on his mettled courser proud,  
Before the dark array.  
Beneath the sable palisade,  
That closed the Castle barricade,  
His bugle-horn he blew ;  
The warder hasted from the wall,  
And warn'd the Captain in the hall  
For well the blast he knew ;  
And joyfully that knight did call  
To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

## IV.

“ Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,  
Bring pasties of the doe,

And quickly make the entrance free,  
And bid my heralds ready be,  
And every minstrel sound his glee,  
    And all our trumpets blow ;  
And, from the platform, spare ye not  
To fire a noble salvo-shot ;  
    Lord MARMION waits below !”  
Then to the Castle’s lower ward  
    Sped forty yeomen tall,  
The iron-studded gates unbarr’d,  
Raised the portcullis’ ponderous guard,  
The lofty palisade unsparr’d  
    And let the drawbridge fall.

## v.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,  
Proudly his red-roan charger trode,  
His helm hung at the saddlebow ;  
Well by his visage you might know  
He was a stalworth knight, and keen,  
And had in many a battle been ;  
The scar on his brown cheek reveal’d  
A token true of Bosworth field ;  
His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire,  
Show’d spirit proud, and prompt to ire ;  
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek  
Did deep design and counsel speak.  
His forehead, by his casque worn bare,  
His thick moustache, and curly hair,



Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,  
But more through toil than age ;  
His square-turn'd joints, and strength of limb,  
Show'd him no carpet knight so trim,  
But in close fight a champion grim,  
In camps a leader sage.

## VI.

Well was he arm'd from head to heel,  
In mail and plate of Milan steel ;  
But his strong helm, of mighty cost,  
Was all with burnish'd gold emboss'd :  
Amid the plumage of the crest  
A falcon hover'd on her nest,  
With wings outspread, and forward breast ;  
E'en such a falcon, on his shield,  
Soar'd sable in an azure field :  
The golden legend bore aright,  
~~Who~~ checks at me, to death is right.  
Blue was the charger's broider'd rein ;  
Blue ribbons deck'd his arching mane ;  
The knightly housing's ample fold  
Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.

## VII.

Behind him rode two gallant squires,  
Of noble name, and knightly sires ;  
They burn'd the gilded spurs to claim ;  
For well could each a war-horse tame,

Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,  
And lightly bear the ring away ;  
Nor less with courteous precepts stored,  
Could dance in hall, and carve at board,  
And frame love-ditties passing rare,  
And sing them to a lady-fair.

## VIII.

Four men-at-arms came at their backs,  
With halbert, bill, and battle-axe ;  
They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,  
And led his sumpter-mules along,  
And ambling palfrey, when at need  
Him listed ease his battle-steed.  
The last and trustiest of the four,  
On high his forky pennon bore ;  
Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,  
Flutter'd the streamer glossy blue,  
Where, blazon'd sable, as before,  
The towering falcon seem'd to soar.  
Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,  
In hosen black, and jerkins blue,  
With falcons broider'd on each breast,  
Attended on their lord's behest.  
Each, chosen for an archer good,  
Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood ;  
Each one a six-foot bow could bend,  
And far a cloth-yard shaft could send ;

Each held a boar-spear tough and strong,  
And at their belts their quivers rung.  
Their dusty palfreys, and array,  
Show'd they had march'd a weary way.

## IX.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,  
How fairly arm'd, and order'd how,  
    The soldiers of the guard,  
With musket, pike, and morion,  
To welcome noble Marmion,  
    Stood in the Castle-yard ;  
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,  
The gunner held his linstock yare,  
    For welcome-shot prepared :  
Enter'd the train, and such a clang,  
As then through all his turrets rang,  
    Old Norham never heard.

## X.

The guards their morrice-pikes advanced,  
    The trumpets flourish'd brave,  
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,  
    And thundering welcome gave.  
A blithe salute, in martial sort,  
    The minstrels well might sound,  
For, as Lord Marmion cross'd the court,  
    He scatter'd angels round.

“ Welcome to Norham, Marmion !  
Stout heart, and open hand !  
Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,  
Thou flower of English land ! ”

## XI.

Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck,  
With silver scutcheon round their neck,  
Stood on the steps of stone,  
By which you reach the donjon gate,  
And there, with herald pomp and state,  
They hail'd Lord Marmion :  
They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,  
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,  
Of Tamworth tower and town ;  
And he, their courtesy to requite,  
Gave them a chain of twelve marks' weight,  
All as he lighted down.  
“ Now, largesse, largesse, Lord Marmion,  
Knight of the crest of gold !  
A blazon'd shield, in battle won,  
Ne'er guarded heart so bold.”

## XII.

They marshall'd him to the Castle-hall,  
Where the guests stood all aside,  
And loudly flourish'd the trumpet-call,  
And the heralds loudly cried,

— “ Room, lordings, room for Lord Marmion,  
With the crest and helm of gold !  
Full well we know the trophies won  
In the lists of Cottiswold :  
There, vainly Ralph de Wilton strove  
’Gainst Marmion’s force to stand ;  
To him he lost his lady-love,  
And to the King his land.  
Ourselves beheld the listed field,  
A sight both sad and fair ;  
We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield,  
And saw his saddle bare :  
We saw the victor win the crest  
He wears with worthy pride ;  
And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,  
His foeman’s scutcheon tied.  
Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight !  
Room, room, ye gentles gay,  
For him who conquer’d in the right,  
Marmion of Fontenaye ! ”

## XIII.

Then stepp’d to meet that noble Lord,  
Sir Hugh the Heron bold,  
Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,  
And Captain of the Hold.  
He led Lord Marmion to the dais,  
Raised o’er the pavement high,  
And placed him in the upper place —  
They feasted full and high :

The whiles a Northern harper rude  
Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud,

*“How the fierce Thirwalls, and Ridleys all,  
Stout Willimondswick,  
And Hardriding Dick,  
And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o’ the  
Wall,*

*Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh,  
And taken his life at the Deadman’s-shaw.”*

Scantly Lord Marmion’s ear could brook  
The harper’s barbarous lay ;  
Yet much he praised the pains he took,  
And well those pains did pay :  
For lady’s suit, and minstrel’s strain,  
By knight should ne’er be heard in vain.

## XIV.

“Now, good Lord Marmion,” Heron says,  
“Of your fair courtesy,  
I pray you bide some little space  
In this poor tower with me.  
Here may you keep your arms from rust,  
May breathe your war-horse well ;  
Seldom hath pass’d a week but giust  
Or feat of arms befell :  
The Scots can rein a mettled steed ;  
And love to couch a spear —  
Saint George ! a stirring life they lead,  
That have such neighbors near.

Then stay with us a little space,  
Our northern wars to learn ;  
I pray you, for your lady's grace !”  
Lord Marmion's brow grew stern.

## xv.

The Captain mark'd his alter'd look,  
And gave a squire the sign ;  
A mighty wassail-bowl he took,  
And crown'd it high in wine.  
“ Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion :  
But first I pray thee fair,  
Where hast thou left that page of thine,  
That used to serve thy cup of wine,  
Whose beauty was so rare ?  
When last in Raby towers we met,  
The boy I closely eyed,  
And often mark'd his cheeks were wet  
With tears he fain would hide :  
His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,  
To burnish shield or sharpen brand,  
Or saddle battle-steed ;  
But meeter seem'd for lady fair,  
To fan her cheek, or curl her hair,  
Or through embroidery, rich and rare,  
The slender silk to lead ;  
His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,  
His bosom — when he sigh'd,  
The russet doublet's rugged fold  
Could scarce repel its pride !

Say, hast thou given that lovely youth  
To serve in lady's bower?  
Or was the gentle page, in sooth,  
A gentle paramour?"

## XVI.

Lord Marmion ill could brook such jest;  
He roll'd his kindling eye,  
With pain his rising wrath suppress'd,  
Yet made a calm reply:  
"That boy thou thought'st so goodly fair,  
He might not brook the northern air;  
More of his fate if thou wouldst learn,  
I left him sick in Lindisfarne.  
Enough of him — But, Heron, say,  
Why does thy lovely lady gay  
Disdain to grace the hall to-day?  
Or has that dame, so fair and sage,  
Gone on some pious pilgrimage?" —  
He spoke in covert scorn, for fame  
{ Whisper'd light tales of Heron's dame.

## XVII.

Unmark'd, at least unreck'd, the taunt;  
Careless the Knight replied —  
"No bird, whose feathers gaily flaunt,  
Delights in cage to bide:  
Norham is grim and grated close,





Copyrighted by S. E. Cassino.

Marmion



Hemm'd in by battlement and fosse,  
And many a darksome tower ;  
And better loves my lady bright  
To sit in liberty and light,  
In fair Queen Margaret's bower.  
We hold our greyhound in our hand,  
Our falcon on our glove ;  
But where shall we find leash or band  
For dame that loves to rove ?  
Let the wild falcon soar her swing,  
She'll stoop when she has tired her wing."

## XVIII.

"Nay, if with Royal James's bride  
The lovely Lady Heron bide,  
Behold me here a messenger,  
Your tender greetings prompt to bear ;  
For, to the Scottish court address'd,  
I journey at our King's behest,  
And pray you, of your grace, provide  
For me, and mine, a trusty guide.  
I have not ridden in Scotland since  
James back'd the cause of that mock prince.  
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,  
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.  
Then did I march with Surrey's power,  
What time we razed old Ayton tower."

## XIX.

“For such-like need, my lord, I trow,  
Norham can find you guides enow ;  
For here be some have prick’d as far,  
On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar ;  
Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan’s ale,  
And driven the beeves of Lauderdale ;  
Harried the wives of Greenlaw’s goods.  
And given them light to set their hoods.”

## XX.

“Now, in good sooth,” Lord Marmion cried,  
“Were I in warlike wise to ride,  
A better guard I would not lack  
Then your stout forayers at my back ;  
But, as in form of peace I go,  
A friendly messenger, to know,  
Why through all Scotland, near and far,  
Their King is mustering troops for war,  
The sight of plundering border spears  
Might justify suspicious fears,  
And deadly feud, or thirst of spoil,  
Break out in some unseemly broil :  
A herald were my fitting guide ;  
Or friar, sworn in peace to bide ;  
Or pardoner, or travelling priest,  
Or strolling pilgrim, at the least.”

## XXI.

The Captain mused a little space,  
And pass'd his hand across his face.  
—“Fain would I find the guide you want,  
But ill may spare a pursuivant,  
The only men that safe can ride  
Mine errands on the Scottish side :  
And though a bishop built this fort,  
Few holy brethren here resort ;  
Even our good chaplain, as I ween,  
Since our last siege, we have not seen :  
The mass he might not sing or say,  
Upon one stinted meal a-day ;  
So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,  
And pray'd for our success the while.  
Our Norham vicar, woe betide,  
Is all too well in case to ride ;  
The priest of Shoreswood — he could rein  
The wildest war-horse in your train ;  
But then, no spearman in the hall  
Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl.  
Friar John of Tillmouth were the man ;  
A blithesome brother at the can,  
A welcome guest in hall and bower,  
He knows each castle, town, and tower,  
In which the wine and ale is good,  
'Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood.

But that good man, as ill befalls,  
Hath seldom left our castle walls,  
Since, on the vigil of St. Bede,  
In evil hour, he cross'd the Tweed,  
To teach Dame Alison her creed.  
Old Bughtrig found him with his wife;  
And John, an enemy to strife,  
Sans frock and hood, fled for his life.  
The jealous churl hath deeply swore,  
That, if again he venture o'er,  
He shall shrieve penitent no more.  
Little he loves such risks, I know;  
Yet, in your guard, perchance will go."

## XXII.

Young Selby, at the fair hall-board,  
Carved to his uncle and that lord,  
And reverently took up the word.  
"Kind uncle, woe were we each one,  
If harm should hap to brother John.  
He is a man of mirthful speech,  
Can many a game and gambol teach;  
Full well at tables can he play,  
And sweep at bowls the stake away.  
Nor can a lustier carol bawl,  
The needfullest among us all,  
When time hangs heavy in the hall,  
And snow comes thick at Christmas tide,  
And we can neither hunt, nor ride

A foray on the Scottish side.  
The vow'd revenge of Bughtrig rude  
May end in worse than loss of hood.  
Let Friar John, in safety, still  
In chimney-corner snore his fill,  
Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill  
Last night, to Norham there came one  
Will better guide Lord Marmion." —  
"Nephew," quoth Heron, "by my fay,  
Well hast thou spoke ; say forth thy say."

## XXIII.

" Here is a holy Palmer come,  
From Salem first, and last from Rome ;  
One, that hath kiss'd the blessed tomb,  
And visited each holy shrine  
In Araby and Palestine ;  
On hills of Armenie hath been,  
Where Noah's ark may yet be seen ;  
By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,  
Which parted at the prophet's rod ;  
In Sinai's wilderness he saw  
The Mount, where Israel heard the law,  
'Mid thunder-dint, and flashing levin,  
And shadows, mists, and darkness, given.  
He shows Saint James's cockle-shell,  
Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell ;  
And of that Grot where Olives nod,

Where, darling of each heart and eye,  
From all the youth of Sicily,  
Saint Rosalie retired to God.

## XXIV.

“ To stout Saint George of Norwich merry,  
Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,  
Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede,  
For his sins’ pardon hath he pray’d.  
He knows the passes of the North,  
And seeks far shrines beyond the Forth;  
Little he eats, and long will wake,  
And drinks but of the stream or lake.  
This were a guide o’er moor and dale;  
But, when our John hath quaff’d his ale,  
As little as the wind that blows,  
And warms itself against his nose,  
Kens he, or cares, which way he goes.” —

## XXV.

“ Gramercy ! ” quoth Lord Marmion,  
“ Full loth were I, that Friar John,  
That venerable man, for me,  
Were placed in fear or jeopardy.  
If this same Palmer will me lead  
From hence to Holy-Rood,



Like his good saint, I'll pay his meed,  
Instead of cockle-shell, or bead,  
    With angels fair and good.  
I love such holy rambles ; still  
They know to charm a weary hill,  
    With song, romance, or lay :  
Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,  
Some lying legend, at the least,  
    They bring to cheer the way." —

## XXVI.

" Ah ! noble sir," young Selby said,  
And finger on his lip he laid,  
" This man knows much, perchance e'en more  
Than he could learn by holy lore.  
Still to himself he's muttering,  
And shrinks as at some unseen thing.  
Last night we listen'd at his cell ;  
Strange sounds we heard, and, sooth to tell,  
He murmur'd on till morn, howe'er  
No living mortal could be near.  
Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,  
As other voices spoke again.  
I cannot tell — I like it not —  
Friar John hath told us it is wrote,  
No conscience clear, and void of wrong,  
Can rest awake, and pray so long.  
Himself still sleeps before his beads  
Have marked ten aves, and two creeds."

## XXVII.

— “Let pass,” quoth Marmion; “by my fay,  
This man shall guide me on my way,  
Although the great arch-fiend and he  
Had sworn themselves of company.  
So please you, gentle youth, to call  
This Palmer to the Castle-hall.”  
The summon’d Palmer came in place;  
His sable cowl o’erhung his face;  
In his black mantle was he clad,  
With Peter’s keys, in cloth of red,  
    On his broad shoulders wrought;  
The scallop shell his cap did deck;  
The crucifix around his neck  
    Was from Loretto brought;  
His sandals were with travel tore,  
Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore;  
The faded palm-branch in his hand  
Show’d pilgrim from the Holy Land.

## XXVIII.

When as the Palmer came in hall,  
No lord, nor knight, was there more tall,  
Nor had a statelier step withal,  
    Or looked more high and keen;  
For no saluting did he wait,  
But strode across the hall of state,  
And fronted Marmion where he sate,  
    As he his peer had been.

But his gaunt frame was worn with toil ;  
His cheek was sunk, alas the while !  
And when he struggled at a smile,  
    His eye look'd haggard wild :  
Poor wretch ! the mother that him bare,  
If she had been in presence there,  
In his wan face, and sun-burn'd hair,  
    She had not known her child.  
Danger, long travel, want, or woe,  
Soon change the form that best we know —  
For deadly fear can time outgo,  
    And blanch at once the hair ;  
Hard toil can roughen form and face,  
And want can quench the eye's bright grace,  
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace  
    More deeply than despair.  
Happy whom none of these befall,  
But this poor Palmer knew them all.

## XXIX.

Lord Marmion then his boon did ask ;  
The Palmer took on him the task,  
So he would march with morning tide,  
To Scottish court to be his guide.  
“ But I have solemn vows to pay,  
And may not linger by the way,  
    To fair St. Andrews bound,  
Within the ocean-cave to pray,

Where good Saint Rule his holy lay  
From midnight to the dawn of day,  
Sung to the billows' sound ;  
Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,  
Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,  
And the crazed brain restore :  
Saint Mary grant, that cave or spring  
Could back to peace my bosom bring,  
Or bid it throb no more !”

## XXX.

And now the midnight draught of sleep,  
Where wine and spices richly steep,  
In massive bowl of silver deep,  
The page presents on knee.  
Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,  
The Captain pledged his noble guest,  
The cup went through among the rest,  
Who drain'd it merrily ;  
Alone the Palmer pass'd it by,  
Though Selby press'd him courteously.  
This was a sign the feast was o'er ;  
It hush'd the merry wassel roar,  
The minstrels ceased to sound.  
Soon in the castle nought was heard  
But the slow footstep of the guard,  
Pacing his sober round.

## XXXI.

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose :  
And first the chapel doors unclosed ;  
Then, after morning rites were done  
(A hasty mass from Friar John),  
And knight and squire had broke their fast,  
On rich substantial repast,  
Lord Marmion's bugles blew to horse :  
Then came the stirrup-cup in course :  
Between the Baron and his host  
No point of courtesy was lost ;  
High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,  
Solemn excuse the Captain made,  
Till, filing from the gate, had pass'd  
That noble train, their Lord the last.  
Then loudly rung the trumpet call ;  
Thunder'd the cannon from the wall,  
    And shook the Scottish shore ;  
Around the castle eddied slow,  
Volumes of smoke as white as snow,  
    And hid its turrets hoar ;  
Till they roll'd forth upon the air,  
And met the river breezes there,  
Which gave again the prospect fair.

## CANTO SECOND.

## THE CONVENT.

## I.

THE breeze which swept away the smoke,  
Round Norham Castle roll'd,  
When all the loud artillery spoke,  
With lightning-flash and thunder-stroke,  
As Marmion left the Hold.  
It curl'd not Tweed alone, that breeze,  
For, far upon Northumbrian seas,  
It freshly blew, and strong,  
Where, from high Whitby's cloister'd pile,  
Bound to St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle,  
It bore a bark along.  
Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,  
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,  
As she were dancing home ;  
The merry seamen laugh'd, to see  
Their gallant ship so lustily  
Furrow the green sea-foam.  
Much joy'd they in their honor'd freight,  
For, on the deck, in chair of state,  
The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed,  
With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

## II.

'Twas sweet to see these holy maids,  
Like birds escaped to green-wood shades  
Their first flight from the cage,  
How timid, and how curious too,  
For all to them was strange and new,  
And all the common sights they view,  
Their wonderment engage.  
One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,  
With many a benedicite ;  
One at the rippling surge grew pale,  
And would for terror pray ;  
Then shriek'd, because the sea-dog, nigh,  
His round black head, and sparkling eye,  
Rear'd o'er the foaming spray ;  
And one would still adjust her veil,  
Disorder'd by the summer gale,  
Perchance lest some more worldly eye  
Her dedicated charms might spy ;  
Perchance, because such action graced  
Her fair-turned arm and slender waist.  
Light was each simple bosom there,  
Save two, who ill might pleasure share  
The Abbess and the Novice Clare.

## III.

The Abbess was of noble blood,  
But early took the veil and hood,

Ere upon life she cast a look,  
Or knew the world that she forsook.  
Fair too she was, and kind had been  
As she was fair, but ne'er had seen  
For her a timid lover sigh,  
Nor knew the influence of her eye.  
Love, to her ear, was but a name  
Combined with vanity and shame;  
Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all  
Bounded within the cloister wall:  
The deadliest sin her mind could reach,  
Was of monastic rule the breach;  
And her ambition's highest aim  
To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.  
For this she gave her ample dower,  
To raise the convent's eastern tower;  
For this, with carving rare and quaint,  
She deck'd the chapel of the saint,  
And gave the relic-shrine of cost,  
With ivory and gems emboss'd.  
The poor her Convent's bounty blest,  
The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

## IV.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule  
Reform'd on Benedictine school;  
Her cheek was pale, her form was spare;  
Vigils, and penitence austere,



Had early quenched the light of youth,  
But gentle was the dame, in sooth ;  
Though, vain of her religious sway,  
She loved to see her maids obey.  
Yet nothing stern was she in cell,  
And the nuns loved their Abbess well.  
Sad was this voyage to the dame ;  
Summon'd to Lindisfarne, she came,  
There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,  
And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold  
A chapter of St. Benedict,  
For inquisition stern and strict,  
On two apostates from the faith,  
And, if need were, to doom to death.

## v.

Nought say I here of Sister Clare,  
Save this, that she was young and fair ;  
As yet, a novice unprofess'd,  
Lovely and gentle, but distress'd.  
She was betroth'd to one now dead,  
Or worse, who had dishonor'd fled.  
Her kinsmen bade her give her hand  
To one, who loved her for her land :  
Herself, almost heart-broken now,  
Was bent to take the vestal vow,  
And shroud within Saint Hilda's gloom  
Her blasted hopes and wither'd bloom.

## VI.

She sate upon the galley's prow,  
And seem'd to mark the waves below ;  
Nay, seem'd, so fix'd her look and eye,  
To count them as they glided by.  
She saw them not — 'twas seeming all —  
Far other scene her thoughts recall —  
A sun-scorch'd desert, waste and bare,  
Nor waves, nor breezes, murmur'd there ;  
There saw she, where some careless hand  
O'er a dead corpse had heap'd the sand,  
To hide it till the jackals come,  
To tear it from the scanty tomb. —  
See what a woeful look was given,  
As she raised up her eyes to heaven !

## VII.

Lovely, and gentle, and distress'd —  
These charms might tame the fiercest breast ;  
Harpers have sung, and poets told,  
That he, in fury uncontroll'd,  
The shaggy monarch of the wood,  
Before a virgin, fair and good,  
Hath pacified his savage mood.  
But passions in the human frame  
Oft put the lion's rage to shame :  
And jealousy, by dark intrigue,  
With sordid avarice in league,





Marmion

Had practised with their bowl and knife,  
Against the mourner's harmless life.  
This crime was charged 'gainst those who lay  
Prison'd in Cuthbert's islet gray.

## VIII.

And now the vessel skirts the strand  
Of mountainous Northumberland ;  
Towns, towers, and halls, successive rise,  
And catch the nun's delighted eyes.  
Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay ;  
And Tynemouth's priory and bay ;  
They mark'd, amid her trees, the hall  
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval ;  
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods  
Rush to the sea through sounding woods ;  
They pass'd the tower of Widdrington,  
Mother of many a valiant son ;  
At Coquet-isle their beads they tell  
To the good Saint who own'd the cell ;  
Then did the Alne attention claim,  
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name ;  
And next, they cross'd themselves, to hear  
The whitening breakers sound so near,  
Where, boiling thro' the rocks, they roar  
On Dunstanborough's cavern'd shore ;  
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, mark'd they  
there,  
King Ida's castle, huge and square,

From its tall rock looked grimly down,  
And on the swelling ocean frown;  
Then from the coast they bore away,  
And reach'd the Holy Island's bay.

## IX.

The tide did now its flood-mark gain,  
And girdled in the Saint's domain:  
For, with the flow and ebb, its style  
Varies from continent to isle;  
Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,  
The pilgrims to the shrine find way;  
Twice every day, the waves efface  
Of staves and sandall'd feet the trace.  
As to the port the galley flew,  
Higher and higher rose to view  
The Castle with its battled walls,  
The ancient Monastery's halls,  
A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,  
Placed on the margin of the isle.

## X.

In Saxon strength that Abbey frown'd,  
With massive arches broad and round,  
That rose alternate, row and row,  
On ponderous columns, short and low,  
Built ere the art was known,

By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,  
The arcades of an alley'd walk  
To emulate in stone.

On the deep walls, the heathen Dane  
Had pour'd his impious rage in vain ;  
And needful was such strength to these,  
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,  
Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,  
Open to rovers fierce as they,  
Which could twelve hundred years withstand  
Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.  
Not but that portions of the pile,  
Rebuilt in a later style,  
Show'd where the spoiler's hand had been ;  
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen  
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,  
And moulder'd in his niche the saint,  
And rounded, with consuming power,  
The pointed angles of each tower ;  
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,  
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

## XI.

Soon as they near'd his turrets strong,  
The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,  
And with the sea-wave and the wind,  
Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,  
And made harmonious close :

Then, answering from the sandy shore,  
Half drown'd amid the breakers' roar,  
According chorus rose :  
Down to the haven of the Isle,  
The monks and nuns in order file,  
From Cuthbert's cloisters grim ;  
Banner and cross, and relics there,  
To meet St. Hilda's maids, they bare ;  
And, as they caught the sounds on air,  
They echoed back the hymn.  
The islanders, in joyous mood,  
Rush'd emulously through the flood,  
To hale the bark to land ;  
Conspicuous by her veil and hood,  
Signing the cross, the Abbess stood,  
And bless'd them with her hand.

## XII.

Suppose we now the welcome said,  
Suppose the Convent banquet made :  
All through the holy dome,  
Through cloister, isle, and gallery,  
Wherever vestal maid might pry,  
Nor risk to meet unhallow'd eye,  
The stranger sisters roam ;  
Till fell the evening damp with dew,  
And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,  
For there, even summer night is chill.  
Then, having stray'd and gazed their fill,  
They closed around the fire ;



And all, in turn, essay'd to paint  
The rival merits of their saint,  
    A theme that ne'er can tire  
A holy maid ; for be it known,  
That their saint's honor is their own.

## XIII.

Then Whitby's nuns exulting told,  
How to their house three Barons bold  
    Must menial service do ;  
While horns blow out a note of shame,  
And monks cry " Fye upon your name !  
In wrath, for loss of sylvan game,  
    St. Hilda's priest ye slew." —  
" This, on Ascension-day, each year,  
While laboring on our harbor-pier,  
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear." —  
They told, how in their convent cell  
A Saxon princess once did dwell,  
    The lovely Edelfled ;  
And how, of thousand snakes, each one  
Was changed into a coil of stone,  
    When holy Hilda pray'd.  
Themselves, within their holy bound,  
Their stony folds had often found.  
They told how sea-fowls' pinions fail  
As over Whitby's towers they sail,  
And sinking down, with flutterings faint,  
They do their homage to the saint.

## XIV.

Nor did St. Cuthbert's daughters fail  
To vie with these in holy tale ;  
His body's resting-place, of old,  
How oft their patron changed, they told ;  
How, when the rude Dane burn'd their pile,  
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle ;  
O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,  
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.

They rested them in fair Melrose ;  
But though, alive, he loved it well,  
Not there his relics might repose ;  
For, wondrous tale to tell !

In his stone coffin forth he rides,  
A ponderous bark for river tides,  
Yet light as gossamer it glides,  
Downward to Tilmouth cell.

Nor long was his abiding there,  
For southward did the saint repair ;  
Chester-le-Street and Rippon saw  
His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw

Hail'd him with joy and fear ;  
And, after many wanderings past,  
He chose his lordly seat at last,  
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,

Looks down upon the Wear :  
There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,  
His relics are in secret laid ;  
But none may know the place,

Save of his holiest servants three,  
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,  
Who share that wondrous grace.

## XV.

Who may his miracles declare !  
Even Scotland's dauntless king, and heir  
    (Although with them they lead  
Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,  
And London's knights, all sheathed in mail,  
And the bold men of Teviotdale),  
    Before his standard fled.  
'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,  
Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,  
And turn'd the Conqueror back again,  
When, with his Norman bowyer band,  
He came to waste Northumberland.

## XVI.

But fain Saint Hilda's nuns would learn  
If, on a rock by Lindisfarne,  
Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame  
The sea-born beads that bear his name :  
Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,  
And said they might his shape behold,  
    And hear his anvil sound ;  
A deaden'd clang — a huge dim form,  
Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm  
    And night were closing round.

But this, as tale of idle fame,  
The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

## XVII.

While round the fire such legends go,  
Far different was the scene of woe,  
Where, in a secret aisle beneath,  
Council was held of life and death.  
It was more dark and lone, that vault,  
Then the worst dungeon cell :  
Old Colwulf built it, for his fault,  
In penitence to dwell,  
When he, for cowl and beads, laid down  
The Saxon battle-axe and crown.  
This den, which, chilling every sense  
Of feeling, hearing, sight,  
Was call'd the Vault of Penitence,  
Excluding air and light,  
Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made  
A place of burial for such dead,  
As, having died in mortal sin,  
Might not be laid the church within.  
'Twas now a place of punishment ;  
Whence if so loud a shriek were sent,  
As reach'd the upper air,  
The hearers bless'd themselves, and said,  
The spirits of the sinful dead  
Bemoan'd their torments there.

## XVIII.

But though, in the monastic pile,  
Did of this penitential aisle  
    Some vague tradition go,  
Few only, save the Abbot, knew  
Where the place lay; and still more few  
Were those who had from him the clew  
    To that dread vault to go.  
Victim and executioner  
Were blindfold when transported there  
In low dark rounds the arches hung,  
From the rude rock the side-walls sprung;  
The grave-stones, rudely sculptured o'er,  
Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,  
Were all the pavement of the floor;  
The mildew-drops fell one by one,  
With tinkling splash, upon the stone.  
A cresset, in an iron chain,  
Which served to light this drear domain,  
With damp and darkness seem'd to strive,  
As if it scarce might keep alive;  
And yet it dimly served to show  
The awful conclave met below.

## XIX.

There, met to doom in secrecy,  
Were placed the heads of convents three:

All servants of St. Benedict,  
The statutes of whose order strict  
On iron table lay ;  
In long black dress, on seats of stone,  
Behind were these three judges shown  
By the pale cresset's ray :  
The Abbess of St. Hilda's, there,  
Sat for a space with visage bare,  
Until, to hide her bosom's swell,  
And tear-drops that for pity fell,  
She closely drew her veil :  
Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,  
By her proud mien and flowing dress,  
Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,  
And she with awe looks pale :  
And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight  
Has long been quench'd by age's night,  
Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,  
Nor ruth, nor mercy's trace, is shown,  
Whose look is hard and stern —  
Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style ;  
For sanctity call'd, through the isle,  
The Saint of Lindisfarne.

## XX.

Before them stood a guilty pair ;  
But, though an equal fate they share,  
Yet one alone deserves our care,  
Her sex a page's dress belied ;

The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,  
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.  
Her cap down o'er her face she drew ;  
And, on her doublet breast,  
She tried to hide the badge of blue,  
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.  
But, at the Prioress' command,  
A Monk undid the silver band  
That tied her tresses fair,  
And raised the bonnet from her head,  
And down her splendid form they spread,  
In ringlets rich and rare.  
Constance de Beverley they know,  
Sister profess'd of Fontevraud,  
Whom the church number'd with the dead,  
For broken vows, and convent fled.

## XXI.

When thus her face was given to view  
(Although so pallid was her hue,  
It did a ghastly contrast bear  
To those bright ringlets glistening fair),  
Her look composed, and steady eye,  
Bespoke a matchless constancy ;  
And there she stood so calm and pale,  
That, but her breathing did not fail,  
And motion slight of eye and head,  
And of her bosom, warranted

That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,  
You might have thought a form of wax,  
Wrought to the very life, was there ;  
So still she was, so pale, so fair.

## XXII.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,  
Such as does murder for a meed ;  
Who, but of fear, knows no control,  
Because his conscience, sear'd and foul,  
Feels not the import of his deed ;  
One, whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires  
Beyond his own more brute desires.  
Such tools the Tempter ever needs,  
To do the savagest of deeds ;  
For them no visioned terrors daunt,  
Their nights no fancied spectres haunt,  
One fear with them, of all most base,  
The fear of death — alone finds place.  
This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,  
And shamed not loud to moan and howl,  
His body on the floor to dash,  
And crouch, like hound beneath the lash ;  
While his mute partner, standing near,  
Waited her doom without a tear.

## XXIII.

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,  
Well might her paleness terror speak !



For there was seen in that dark wall,  
Two niches narrow, deep, and tall; —  
Who enters at such grisly door,  
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.  
In each a slender meal was laid,  
Of roots, and water, and of bread :  
By each, in Benedictine dress,  
Two haggard monks stood motionless ;  
Who, holding high a blazing torch,  
Show'd the grim entrance of the porch :  
Reflecting back the smoky beam,  
The dark-red walls and arches gleam.  
Hewn stones and cement were display'd,  
And building tools in order laid.

## XXIV.

These executioners were chose,  
As men who were with mankind foes,  
And with despite and envy fired,  
Into the cloister had retired ;  
Or who, in desperate doubt of grace,  
Strove, by deep penance, to efface,  
Of some foul crime the stain ;  
For, as the vassals of her will,  
Such men the Church selected still,  
As either joy'd in doing ill,  
Or thought more grace to gain,  
If, in her cause, they wrestled down  
Feelings their nature strove to own.

By strange device were they brought there,  
They knew not how, nor knew not where.

## XXV.

And now that blind old Abbot rose,  
To speak the Chapter's doom,  
On those the wall was to enclose,  
Alive, within the tomb,  
But stopp'd, because that woeful Maid,  
Gathering her powers, to speak essay'd.  
Twice she essay'd, and twice in vain ;  
Her accents might no utterance gain ;  
Nought but imperfect murmurs slip  
From her convulsed and quivering lip ;  
'Twixt each attempt all was so still,  
You seem'd to hear a distant rill —  
'Twas ocean's swells and falls ;  
For though this vault of sin and fear  
Was to the sounding surge so near,  
A tempest there you scarce could hear,  
So massive were the walls.

## XXVI.

At length, an effort sent apart  
The blood that curdled to her heart,  
And light came to her eye,  
And color dawn'd upon her cheek,  
A hectic and a flutter'd streak,  
Like that left on the Cheviot peak  
By Autumn's stormy sky ;

And when her silence broke at length,  
Still as she spoke she gather'd strength,  
    And arm'd herself to bear.  
It was a fearful sight to see  
Such high resolve and constancy,  
    In form so soft and fair.

## XXVII.

“I speak not to implore your grace ;  
Well know I, for one minute's space  
    Successless might I sue :  
Nor do I speak your prayers to gain ;  
For if a death of lingering pain,  
To cleanse my sins, be penance vain,  
    Vain are your masses too. —  
I listen'd to a traitor's tale,  
I left the convent and the veil ;  
For three long years I bow'd my pride,  
A horse-boy in his train to ride ;  
And well my folly's meed he gave,  
Who forfeited, to be his slave,  
All here, and all beyond the grave. —  
He saw young Clara's face more fair,  
He knew her of broad lands the heir,  
Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,  
And Constance was beloved no more. —  
    'Tis an old tale, and often told ;  
    But did my fate and wish agree,

Ne'er had been read, in story old  
Of maiden true betray'd for gold,  
That loved, or was avenged, like me!

## XXVIII.

“ The King approved his favorite's aim ;  
In vain a rival barr'd his claim,  
Whose fate with Clare's was plight,  
For he attaints that rival's fame  
With treason's charge — and on they came,  
In mortal lists to fight.  
Their oaths are said,  
Their prayers are pray'd,  
Their lances in the rest are laid,  
They meet in mortal shock ;  
And, hark ! the throng, with thundering cry,  
Shout ‘ Marmion, Marmion ! to the sky,  
De Wilton to the block ! ’  
Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide  
When in the lists two champions ride,  
Say, was Heaven's justice here !  
When, loyal in his love and faith,  
Wilton found overthrow or death,  
Beneath a traitor's spear ?  
How false the charge, how true he fell,  
This guilty packet best can tell.” —  
Then drew a packet from her breast,  
Paused, gather'd voice, and spoke the rest.

## XXIX.

“ Still was false Marmion’s bridal stayed ;  
To Whitby’s convent fled the maid,  
The hated match to shun.  
‘ Ho ! shifts she thus ? ’ King Henry cried,  
‘ Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,  
If she were sworn a nun.’  
One way remain’d — the King’s command  
Sent Marmion to the Scottish land ;  
I linger’d here, and rescue plann’d  
For Clara and for me :  
This caitiff monk, for gold, did swear,  
He would to Whitby’s shrine repair,  
And, by his drugs, my rival fair  
A saint in heaven should be.  
But ill the dastard kept his oath,  
Whose cowardice has undone us both.

## XXX.

“ And now my tongue the secret tells,  
Not that remorse my bosom swells,  
But to assure my soul that none  
Shall ever wed with Marmion.  
Had fortune my last hope betray’d,  
This packet, to the King convey’d,  
Had given him to the headsman’s stroke,  
Although my heart that instant broke. —

Now, men of death, work forth your will,  
For I can suffer, and be still;  
And come he slow, or come he fast,  
It is but Death who comes at last.

## XXXI.

“ Yet dread me, from my living tomb,  
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!  
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,  
Full soon such vengeance will he take,  
That you shall wish the fiery Dane  
Had rather been your guest again.  
Behind, a darker hour ascends!  
The altars quake, the crosier bends,  
The ire of a despotic King  
Rides forth upon destruction's wing;  
Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,  
Burst open to the sea-wind's sweep;  
Some traveller then shall find my bones  
Whitening amid disjointed stones,  
And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,  
Marvel such relics here should be.”

## XXXII.

Fix'd was her look, and stern her air:  
Back from her shoulders stream'd her hair;  
The locks, that wont her brow to shade,  
Stared up erectly from her head;

Her figure seem'd to rise more high ;  
Her voice, despair's wild energy  
Had given a tone of prophecy.  
Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate ;  
With stupid eyes, the men of fate  
Gazed on the light inspired form,  
And listen'd for the avenging storm ;  
The judges felt the victim's dread ;  
No hand was moved, no word was said,  
Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,  
Raising his sightless balls to heaven : —  
“ Sister, let thy sorrows cease ;  
Sinful brother, part in peace ! ”  
From that dire dungeon, place of doom,  
Of execution too, and tomb,  
Paced forth the judges three ;  
Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell  
The butcher-work that there befell,  
When they had glided from the cell  
Of sin and misery.

## XXXIII.

An hundred winding steps convey  
That conclave to the upper day ;  
But, ere they breathed the fresher air,  
They heard the shriekings of despair,  
And many a stifled groan :  
With speed their upward way they take

(Such speed as age and fear can make),  
And cross'd themselves for terror's sake  
As hurrying, tottering on:  
Even in the vesper's heavenly tone  
They seem'd to hear a dying groan,  
And bade the passing knell to toll  
For welfare of a parting soul.  
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,  
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;  
To Warkworth cell the echoes roll'd,  
His beads the wakeful hermit told,  
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,  
But slept ere half a prayer he said;  
So far was heard the mighty knell,  
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,  
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,  
Listened before, aside, behind,  
Then crouch'd him down beside the hind,  
And quaked among the mountain fern,  
To hear that sound so dull and stern.



## CANTO THIRD.

## THE HOSTEL, OR INN.

## I.

THE livelong day Lord Marmion rode :  
The mountain path the Palmer show'd,  
By glen and streamlet winded still,  
Where stunted birches hid the rill.  
They might not choose the lowland road,  
For the Merse forayers were abroad,  
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,  
Had scarcely fail'd to bar their way.  
Oft on the trampling band, from crown  
Of some tall cliff, the deer look'd down ;  
On wing of jet, from his repose  
In the deep heath, the black-cock rose ;  
Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,  
Nor waited for the bending bow ;  
And when the stony path began,  
By which the naked peak they wan,  
Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.  
The noon had long been pass'd before  
They gain'd the height of Lammermoor :  
Thence winding down the northern way,  
Before them, at the close of day,  
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.

## II.

No summons calls them to the tower,  
To spend the hospitable hour.  
To Scotland's camp the Lord was gone ;  
His cautious dame, in bower alone,  
Dreaded her castle to uncloze,  
So late, to unknown friends or foes.  
On through the hamlet as they paced,  
Before a porch, whose front was graced  
With bush and flagon trimly placed,  
Lord Marmion drew his rein :  
The village inn seem'd large, though rude ;  
Its cheerful fire and hearty food  
Might well relieve his train.  
Down from their seats the horsemen sprung,  
With jingling spurs the court-yard rung ;  
They bind the horses to the stall,  
For forage, food, and firing call,  
And various clamor fills the hall :  
Weighing the labor with the cost,  
Toils everywhere the bustling host.

## III.

Soon, by the chimney's merry blaze,  
Through the rude hostel might you gaze,  
Might see, where in dark nook aloof,  
The rafters of the sooty roof  
Bore wealth of winter cheer :

Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,  
And gammons of the tusky boar,  
And savory haunch of deer.  
The chimney arch projected wide ;  
Above, around it, and beside,  
Were tools for housewife's hand ;  
Nor wanted, in that martial day,  
The implements of Scottish fray,  
The buckler, lance, and brand.  
Beneath its shade, the place of state,  
On oaken settle Marmion sate,  
And view'd around the blazing hearth  
His followers mix in noisy mirth ;  
Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,  
From ancient vessels ranged aside,  
Full actively their host supplied.

## IV.

Theirs was the glee of martial breast,  
And laughter theirs at little jest ;  
And oft Lord Marmion deign'd to aid,  
And mingle in the mirth they made ;  
For though, with men of high degree,  
The proudest of the proud was he,  
Yet, train'd in camps, he knew the art  
To win the soldier's hardy heart.  
They love a captain to obey,  
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May ;

With open hand, and brow as free,  
Lover of wine and minstrelsy ;  
Ever the first to scale a tower,  
As venturous in a lady's bower : —  
Such buxom chief shall lead his host  
From India's fires to Zembla's frost.

## V.

Resting upon his pilgrim staff,  
Right opposite the Palmer stood ;  
His thin dark visage seen but half,  
Half hidden by his hood.  
Still fixed on Marmion was his look,  
Which he, who ill such gaze could brook,  
Strove by a frown to quell ;  
But not for that, though more than once  
Full met their stern encountering glance,  
The Palmer's visage fell.

## VI.

By fits less frequent from the crowd  
Was heard the burst of laughter loud ;  
For still as squire and archer stared  
On that dark face and matted beard,  
Their glee and game declined.  
All gazed at length in silence drear,  
Unbroke, save when in comrade's ear  
Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,  
Thus whisper'd forth his mind ; —

“ Saint Mary ! saw'st thou e'er such sight?  
How pale his cheek, his eye how bright,  
Whene'er the firebrand's fickle light  
    Glances beneath his cowl !  
Full on our Lord he sets his eye ;  
For his best palfrey, would not I  
    Endure that sullen scowl.”

## VII.

But Marmion, as to chase the awe  
Which thus had quell'd their hearts, who saw  
The ever-varying fire-light show  
That figure stern and face of woe,  
    Now call'd upon a squire : —  
“ Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some lay,  
To speed the lingering night away?  
    We slumber by the fire.” —

## VIII.

“ So please you,” thus the youth rejoind'd,  
“ Our choicest minstrel's left behind.  
Ill may we hope to please your ear,  
Accustom'd Constant's strains to hear.  
The harp full deftly can he strike,  
And wake the lover's late alike ;  
To dear Saint Valentine, no thrush  
Sings livelier from a spring-tide bush,

No nightingale her love-lorn tune  
More sweetly warbles to the moon.  
Woe to the cause, whate'er it be,  
Detains from us his melody,  
Lavish'd on rocks, on billows stern,  
Or duller monks of Lindisfarne.  
Now must I venture, as I may,  
To sing his favorite roundelay."

## IX.

A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace had,  
The air he chose was wild and sad ;  
Such have I heard, in Scottish land,  
Rise from the busy harvest band,  
When falls before the mountaineer,  
On Lowland plains, the ripen'd ear.  
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,  
Now a wild chorus swells the song :  
Oft have I listen'd and stood still,  
As it came soften'd up the hill,  
And deem'd it the lament of men  
Who languish'd for their native glen :  
And thought how sad would be such sound  
On Susquehanna's swampy ground,  
Kentucky's wood-encumber'd brake,  
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,  
Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain,  
Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again !

## X.

## SONG.

Where shall the lover rest,  
Whom the fates sever  
From his true maiden's breast,  
Parted forever?  
Where, through groves deep and high,  
Sounds the far billow,  
Where early violets die,  
Under the willow.

## CHORUS.

*Eleu loro*, etc. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,  
Cool streams are laving;  
There, while the tempests sway,  
Scarce are boughs waving;  
There, thy rest shalt thou take,  
Parted forever,  
Never again to wake,  
Never, O never!

## CHORUS.

*Eleu loro*, etc. Never, O never!

## XI.

Where shall the traitor rest,  
He, the deceiver,  
Who could win maiden's breast,  
Ruin, and leave her?  
In the lost battle,  
Borne down by the flying,  
Where mingles war's rattle  
With groans of the dying.

## CHORUS.

*Eleu loro*, etc. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap  
O'er the false-hearted ;  
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,  
E'er life be parted.  
Shame and dishonor sit  
By his grave ever,  
Blessing shall hallow it—  
Never, O never !

## CHORUS.

*Eleu loro*, etc. Never, O never !

## XII.

It ceased, the melancholy sound ;  
And silence sunk on all around.



The air was sad : but sadder still  
It fell on Marmion's ear,  
And plain'd as if disgrace and ill,  
And shameful death, were near.  
He drew his mantle past his face,  
Between it and the band,  
And rested with his head a space,  
Reclining on his hand.  
His thoughts I scan not ; but I ween,  
That, could their import have been seen,  
The meanest groom in all the hall,  
That e'er tied courser to a stall,  
Would scarce have wish'd to be their prey,  
For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

## XIII.

High minds, of native pride and force,  
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse !  
Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,  
Thou art the torturer of the brave !  
Yet fatal strength they boast to steel  
Their minds to bear the wounds they feel,  
Even while they writhe beneath the smart  
Of civil conflict in the heart.  
For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,  
And, smiling, to Fitz-Eustace said —  
“ Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,  
Seem'd in mine ear a death-peal rung,

Such as in nunneries they toll  
For some departing sister's soul?  
Say, what may this portend?"  
Then first the Palmer silence broke  
(The livelong day he had not spoke),  
"The death of a dear friend."

## XIV.

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye  
Ne'er changed in worst extremity;  
Marmion whose soul could scantily brook,  
Even from his King, a haughty look;  
Whose accent of command controll'd,  
In camps, the boldest of the bold—  
Thought, look, and utterance fail'd him now,  
Fall'n was his glance, and flush'd his brow;  
For either in the tone,  
Or something in the Palmer's look,  
So full upon his conscience strook,  
That answer he found none.  
Thus oft it haps, that when within  
They shrink at sense of secret sin,  
A feather daunts the brave;  
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,  
And proudest princes veil their eyes  
Before their meanest slave.

## XV.

Well might he falter!—By his aid  
Was Constance Beverley betray'd.

Not that he augur'd of the doom  
Which on the living closed the tomb :  
But, tired to hear the desperate maid  
Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid ;  
And wroth, because, in wild despair,  
She practised on the life of Clare ;  
Its fugitive the Church he gave,  
Though not a victim, but a slave ;  
And deem'd restraint in convent strange  
Would hide her wrongs, and her revenge.  
Himself, proud Henry's favorite peer,  
Held Romish thunders idle fear,  
Secure his pardon he might hold,  
For some slight mulct of penance-gold.  
Thus judging, he gave secret way,  
When the stern priests surprised their prey.  
His train but deem'd the favorite page  
Was left behind, to spare his age ;  
Or other if they deem'd, none dared  
To mutter what he thought and heard :  
Woe to the vassal who durst pry  
Into Lord Marmion's privacy !

## XVI.

His conscience slept — he deem'd her well,  
And safe secured in distant cell ;  
But waken'd by her favorite lay,  
And that strange Palmer's boding say,

That fell so ominous and drear,  
Full on the object of his fear,  
To aid remorse's venom'd throes,  
Dark tales of convent-vengeance rose :  
And Constance, late betray'd and scorn'd,  
All lovely on his soul return'd ;  
Lovely as when, at treacherous call,  
She left her convent's peaceful wall,  
Crimson'd with shame, with terror mute,  
Dreading alike escape, pursuit,  
Till love, victorious o'er alarms,  
Hid fears and blushes in his arms.

## XVII.

“ Alas ! ” he thought, “ how changed that mien !  
How changed these timid looks have been,  
Since years of guilt, and of disguise,  
Have steel'd her brow, and arm'd her eyes !  
No more of virgin terror speaks  
The blood that mantles in her cheeks ;  
Fierce, and unfeminine, are there,  
Frenzy for joy, for grief despair ;  
And I the cause — for whom were given  
Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven !  
Would,” thought he, as the picture grows,  
“ I on its stalk had left the rose !  
Oh, why should man's success remove  
The very charms that wake his love !

Her convent's peaceful solitude  
Is now a prison harsh and rude,  
And, pent within the narrow cell,  
How will her spirit chafe and swell !  
How brook the stern monastic laws !  
The penance how — and I the cause !  
Vigil and scourge — perchance even worse !” —  
And twice he rose to cry, “ To horse !” —  
And twice his Sovereign's mandate came,  
Like damp upon a kindling flame ;  
And twice he thought, “ Gave I not charge  
She should be safe, though not at large ?  
They durst not, for their island, shred  
One golden ringlet from her head.”

## XVIII.

While thus in Marmion's bosom strove  
Repentance and reviving love,  
Like whirlwinds, whose contending sway  
I've seen Loch Vennachar obey,  
Their Host the Palmer's speech had heard,  
And talkative, took up the word :  
“ Ay, reverend Pilgrim, you, who stray  
From Scotland's simple land away,  
To visit realms afar,  
Full often learn the art to know  
Of future weal, or future woe,  
By word, or sign, or star :

Yet might a knight his fortune hear,  
If, knight-like, he despises fear,  
Not far from hence — if fathers old  
Aright our hamlet legend told.” —  
These broken words the menials move  
(For marvels still the vulgar love),  
And, Marmion giving license cold,  
His tale the host thus gladly told : —

## XIX.

## THE HOST'S TALE.

“ A Clerk could tell what years had flown  
Since Alexander fill'd our throne  
(Third monarch of that warlike name),  
And eke the time when here he came  
To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord :  
A braver never drew a sword ;  
A wiser never, at the hour  
Of midnight, spoke the word of power :  
The same, whom ancient records call  
The founder of the Goblin-Hall.  
I would, Sir Knight, your longer stay  
Gave you that cavern to survey.  
Of lofty roof, and ample size,  
Beneath the castle deep it lies :  
To hew the living rock profound,  
The floor to pave, the arch to round,

There never toil'd a mortal arm,  
It all was wrought by word and charin;  
And I have heard my grandsire say,  
That the wild clamor and affray  
Of those dread artisans of hell,  
Who labor'd under Hugo's spell,  
Sounded as loud as ocean's war,  
Among the caverns of Dunbar.

## XX.

“The King Lord Gifford's castle sought,  
Deep laboring with uncertain thought;  
Even then he muster'd all his host,  
To meet upon the western coast;  
For Norse and Danish galleys plied  
Their oars within the frith of Clyde.  
There floated Haco's banner trim,  
Above Norweyan warriors grim,  
Savage of heart, and large of limb;  
Threatening both continent and isle,  
Bute, Arran, Cunninghame, and Kyle.  
Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,  
Heard Alexander's bugle sound,  
And tarried not his garb to change,  
But, in his wizard habit strange,  
Came forth — a quaint and fearful sight;  
His mantle lined with fox-skins white;  
His high and wrinkled forehead bore

A pointed cap, such as of yore  
Clerks say that Pharaoh's Magi wore :  
His shoes were mark'd with cross and spell,  
Upon his breast a pentacle ;  
His zone, of virgin parchment thin,  
Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin,  
Bore many a planetary sign,  
Combust, and retrograde, and trine ;  
And in his hand he held prepared  
A naked sword without a guard.

## XXI.

“ Dire dealings with the fiendish race  
Had mark'd strange lines upon his face ;  
Vigil and fast had worn him grim,  
His eyesight dazzled seen'd and dim,  
As one unused to upper day ;  
Even his own menials with dismay  
Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly Sire,  
In his unwonted wild attire ;  
Unwonted, for traditions run,  
He seldom thus beheld the sun. —  
‘ I know,’ he said — his voice was hoarse,  
And broken seem'd its hollow force —  
‘ I know the cause, although untold,  
Why the King seeks his vassal's hold :  
Vainly from me my liege would know  
His kingdom's future weal or woe ;



But yet, if strong his arm and heart,  
His courage may do more than art.

## XXII.

“ ‘ Of middle air the demons proud,  
Who ride upon the racking cloud,  
Can read, in fix'd or wandering star,  
The issue of events afar ;  
But still their sullen aid withhold,  
Save when by mightier force controll'd.  
Such late I summon'd to my hall ;  
And though so potent was the call,  
That scarce the deepest nook of hell  
I deem'd a refuge from the spell,  
Yet, obstinate in silence still,  
The haughty demon mocks my skill.  
But thou — who little know'st thy might,  
As born upon that blessed night  
When yawning graves, and dying groan,  
Proclaim'd hell's empire overthrown —  
With untaught valor shalt compel  
Response denied to magic spell.'  
‘ Gramercy,' quoth our Monarch free,  
‘ Place him but front to front with me,  
And, by this good and honor'd brand,  
The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand,  
Soothly I swear, that, tide what tide,  
The demon shall a buffet bide.' —

His bearing bold the wizard view'd,  
And thus, well pleased, his speech renew'd:—  
'There spoke the blood of Malcolm! — mark:  
Forth pacing hence, at midnight dark,  
The rampart seek, whose circling crown  
Crests the ascent of yonder down:  
A southern entrance shalt thou find;  
There halt, and there thy bugle wind  
And trust thine elfin foe to see,  
In guise of thy worst enemy;  
Couch then thy lance, and spur thy steed —  
Upon him! and Saint George to speed!  
If he go down, thou soon shalt know  
Whate'er these airy sprites can show; —  
If thy heart fail thee in the strife,  
I am no warrant for thy life.'

## XXIII.

“Soon as the midnight bell did ring,  
Alone, and arm'd, forth rode the King  
To that old camp's deserted round:  
Sir Knight, you well might mark the mound,  
Left hand the town — the Pictish race,  
The trench, long since, in blood did trace;  
The moor around is brown and bare,  
The space within is green and fair.  
The spot our village children know,  
For there the earliest wild-flowers grow;

But woe betide the wandering wight  
That treads its circle in the night !  
The breadth across, a bowshot clear,  
Gives ample space for full career ;  
— Opposed to the four points of heaven  
By four deep gaps are entrance given  
The southernmost our Monarch pass'd,  
Halted, and blew a gallant blast ;  
And on the north, within the ring,  
Appear'd the form of England's King,  
Who then, a thousand leagues afar,  
In Palestine waged holy war :  
Yet arms like England's did he wield  
Alike the leopards in the shield,  
Alike his Syrian courser's frame,  
The rider's length of limb the same :  
Long afterwards did Scotland know,  
Fell Edward was her deadliest foe.

## XXIV.

“ The vision made our Monarch start,  
But soon he mann'd his noble heart,  
And in the first career they ran,  
The Elfin Knight fell, horse and man ;  
Yet did a splinter of his lance  
Through Alexander's visor glance,  
And razed the skin — a puny wound.  
The King, light leaping to the ground,

With naked blade his phantom foe  
Compell'd the future war to show.  
Of Largs he saw the glorious plain,  
Where still gigantic bones remain,  
    Memorial of the Danish war;  
Himself he saw, amid the field,  
On high his brandish'd war-axe wield,  
    And strike proud Haco from his car,  
While all around the shadowy Kings  
Denmark's grim ravens cower'd their wings.  
'Tis said, that, in that awful night,  
Remoter visions met his sight,  
Foreshowing future conquests far,  
When our sons' sons wage northern war;  
A royal city, tower and spire,  
Redden'd the midnight sky with fire,  
And shouting crews her navy bore,  
Triumphant, to the victor shore.  
Such signs may learned clerks explain,  
They pass the wit of simple swain.

## XXV.

“The joyful King turned home again,  
Headed his host, and quell'd the Dane;  
But yearly, when return'd the night  
Of his strange combat with the sprite,  
    His wound must bleed and smart;  
Lord Gifford then would gibing say,

‘ Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay  
The penance of your start.’  
Long since, beneath Dunfermline’s nave,  
King Alexander fills his grave,  
Our Lady give him rest !  
Yet still the knightly spear and shield  
The Elfin warrior doth wield,  
Upon the brown hill’s breast ;  
And many a knight hath proved his chance,  
In the charm’d ring to break a lance,  
But all have foully sped ;  
Save two, as legends tell, and they  
Were Wallace wight, and Gilbert Hay. —  
Gentles, my tale is said.”

## XXVI.

The quaighs were deep, the liquor strong,  
And on the tale the yeoman-throng  
Had made a comment sage and long,  
But Marmion gave a sign :  
And, with their lord, the squires retire ;  
The rest, around the hostel fire,  
Their drowsy limbs recline :  
For pillow, underneath each head,  
The quiver and the targe were laid.  
Deep slumbering on the hostel floor,  
Oppress’d with toil and ale, they snore :  
The dying flame, in fitful change,  
Threw on the group its shadows strange.

## XXVII.

Apart, and nestling in the hay  
Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay ;  
Scarce, by the pale moonlight, were seen  
The foldings of his mantle green :  
Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,  
Of sport by thicket or by stream.  
Of hawk or hound, of ring or glove,  
Or, lighter yet, of lady's love.  
A cautious tread his slumber broke,  
And, close beside him, when he woke,  
In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,  
Stood a tall form, with nodding plume ;  
But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,  
His master Marmion's voice he knew.

## XXVIII.

— “ Fitz-Eustace ! rise, I cannot rest ;  
Yon churl's wild legend haunts my breast,  
And graver thoughts have chafed my mood : }  
The air must cool my feverish blood ;  
And fain would I ride forth, to see  
The scene of Elfin chivalry.  
Arise, and saddle me my steed ;  
And, gentle Eustace, take good heed  
Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves  
I would not, that the prating knaves

Had cause for saying, o'er their ale,  
That I could credit such a tale." —  
Then softly down the steps they slid,  
Eustace the stable door undid,  
And, darkling, Marmion's steed array'd,  
While, whispering, thus the Baron said :

## XXIX.

" Did'st never, good my youth, hear tell,  
That on the hour when I was born,  
Saint George, who graced my sire's chapelle,  
Down from his steed of marble fell,  
A weary wight forlorn?  
The flattering chaplains all agree,  
The champion left his steed to me.  
I would, the omen's truth to show,  
That I could meet this Elfin Foe!  
Blithe would I battle, for the right  
To ask one question at the sprite : —  
Vain thought ! for elves, if elves there be,  
An empty race, by fount or sea,  
To dashing waters dance and sing,  
Or round the green oak wheel their ring."  
Thus speaking, he his steed bestrode,  
And from the hostel slowly rode.

## XXX.

Fitz-Eustace follow'd him abroad,  
And mark'd him pace the village road,

And listen'd to his horse's tramp,  
Till, by the lessening sound,  
He judged that of the Pictish camp  
Lord Marmion sought the round.  
Wonder it seem'd, in the squire's eyes,  
That one, so wary held, and wise —  
Of whom 'twas said, he scarce received  
For gospel, what the Church believed —  
Should, stirr'd by idle tale,  
Ride forth in silence of the night,  
As hoping half to meet a sprite,  
Array'd in plate and mail.  
For little did Fitz-Eustace know,  
That passions, in contending flow,  
Unfix the strongest mind;  
Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee,  
We welcome fond credulity,  
Guide confident, though blind.

## XXXI.

Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared,  
But, patient, waited till he heard,  
At distance, prick'd to utmost speed,  
The foot-tramp of a flying steed,  
Come town-ward rushing on;  
First, dead, as if on turf it trode,  
Then, clattering on the village road  
In other pace than forth he yode,  
Return'd Lord Marmion.



Down hastily he sprang from selle,  
And, in his haste, well-nigh he fell ;  
To the squire's hand the rein he threw,  
And spoke no word as he withdrew :  
But yet the moonlight did betray,  
The falcon-crest was soil'd with clay ;  
And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see,  
By stains upon the charger's knee,  
And his left side, that on the moor  
He had not kept his footing sure.  
Long musing on these wondrous signs,  
At length to rest the squire reclines,  
Broken and short ; for still, between,  
Would dreams of terror intervene :  
Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark  
The first notes of the morning lark.

## CANTO FOURTH.

## THE CAMP.

## I.

EUSTACE, I said, did blithely mark  
The first notes of the merry lark.  
The lark sang shrill, the cock he crew,  
And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,  
And with their light and lively call  
Brought groom and yeoman to the stall.  
    Whistling they came, and free of heart,  
    But soon their mood was changed;  
    Complaint was heard on every part,  
    Of something disarranged.  
Some clamor'd loud for armor lost;  
Some brawl'd and wrangled with the host;  
"By Becket's bones," cried one, "I fear  
That some false Scot has stolen my spear!"  
Young Blount, Lord Marmion's second squire,  
Found his steed wet with sweat and mire;  
Although the rated horse-boy sware,  
Last night he dress'd him sleek and fair.  
While chafed the impatient squire like thunder,  
Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder —

“ Help, gentle Blount ! help, comrades all !  
Bevis lies dying in his stall ;  
To Marmion who the plight dare tell,  
Of the good steed he loves so well ? ”  
Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw  
The charger panting on his straw ;  
Till one, who would seem wisest, cried —  
“ What else but evil could betide,  
With that cursed Palmer for our guide ?  
Better we had through mire and bush  
Been lantern-led by Friar Rush.”

## II.

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but guess'd,  
Nor wholly understood,  
His comrades' clamorous complaints suppress'd  
He knew Lord Marmion's mood.  
Him, ere he issued forth, he sought,  
And found deep plunged in gloomy thought,  
And did his tale display  
Simply, as if he knew of nought  
To cause such disarray.  
Lord Marmion gave attention cold,  
Nor marvell'd at the wonders told —  
Pass'd them as accidents of course,  
And bade his clarions sound to horse.

## III.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the cost  
Had reckon'd with their Scottish host ;

And, as the charge he cast and paid,  
“ Ill thou deserv’st thy hire,” he said ;  
“ Dost see, thou knave, my horse’s plight ?  
Fairies have ridden him all the night,  
And left him in a foam !

I trust that soon a conjuring band,  
With English cross and blazing brand,  
Shall drive the devils from this land,  
To their infernal home :  
For in this haunted den, I trow,  
All night they trample to and fro.”  
The laughing host look’d on the hire —  
“ Gramercy, gentle southern squire,  
And if thou comest among the rest,  
With Scottish broadsword to be blest,  
Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,  
And short the pang to undergo.”  
Here stay’d their talk — for Marmion  
Gave now the signal to set on.  
The Palmer showing forth the way,  
They journey’d all the morning day.

## IV.

The greensward way was smooth and good,  
Through Humbie’s and through Saltoun’s wood  
A forest glade, which, varying still,  
Here gave a view of dale and hill,  
There narrower closed, till, overhead,  
A vaulted screen the branches made.



MAIMON I



“A pleasant path,” Fitz-Eustace said ;  
“Such as where errant-knights might see  
Adventures of high chivalry ;  
Might meet some damsel flying fast,  
With hair unbound and looks aghast ;  
And smooth and level course were here,  
In her defence to break a spear.  
Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells ;  
And oft, in such, the story tells,  
The damsel kind, from danger freed,  
Did grateful pay her champion’s meed.”  
He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion’s mind :  
Perchance to show his lore design’d ;

For Eustace much had pored  
Upon a huge romantic tome,  
In the hall-window of his home,  
Imprinted at the antique dome  
Of Caxton, or De Worde.  
Therefore he spoke — but spoke in vain,  
For Marmion answer’d nought again.

## v.

Now sudden, distant trumpets shrill,  
In notes prolong’d by wood and hill,  
Were heard to echo far ;  
Each ready archer grasp’d his bow,  
But by the flourish soon they know  
They breathed no point of war.  
Yet cautious, as in foeman’s land,

Lord Marmion's order speeds the band,  
Some opener ground to gain ;  
And scarce a furlong had they rode,  
When thinner trees, receding, show'd  
A little woodland plain.  
Just in that advantageous glade,  
The halting troop a line had made,  
As forth from the opposing shade  
Issued a gallant train.

## VI.

First came the trumpets, at whose clang  
So late the forest echoes rang ;  
On prancing steeds they forward press'd,  
With scarlet mantle, azure vest ;  
Each at his trump a banner wore,  
Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore :  
Heralds and pursuivants, by name  
Bute, Islay, Marchmount, Rothsay, came  
In painted tabards, proudly showing  
Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing,  
Attendant on a King-at-arms,  
Whose hand the armorial truncheon held  
That feudal strife had often quell'd,  
When wildest its alarms.

## VII.

He was a man of middle age ;  
In aspect manly, grave, and sage,  
As on King's errand come ;



But in the glances of his eye,  
A penetrating, keen, and sly  
    Expression found its home ;  
The flash of that satiric rage,  
Which, bursting on the early stage,  
Branded the vices of the age,  
    And broke the keys of Rome.  
On milk-white palfrey forth he paced ;  
His cap of maintenance was graced  
    With the proud heron-plume.  
From his steed's shoulder, loin, and breast,  
    Silk housings swept the ground,  
With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,  
    Embroider'd round and round.  
The double tressure might you see,  
    First by Achaius borne,  
The thistle and the fleur-de-lis,  
    And gallant unicorn.  
So bright the King's armorial coat,  
That scarce the dazzled eye could note,  
In living colors, blazon'd brave,  
The Lion, which his title gave :  
A train which well beseem'd his state,  
But all unarm'd, around him wait.  
Still is thy name in high account,  
    And still thy verse has charms,  
Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,  
    Lord Lion King-at-arms !

## VIII.

Down from his horse did Marmion spring,  
Soon as he saw the Lion-King ;  
For well the stately Baron knew  
To him such courtesy was due,  
Whom Royal James himself had crown'd,  
And on his temples placed the round  
Of Scotland's ancient diadem :  
And wet his brow with hallow'd wine,  
And on his finger given to shine  
The emblematic gem.  
Their mutual greetings duly made,  
The Lion thus his message said : —  
“ Though Scotland's King hath deeply swore  
Ne'er to knit faith with Henry more,  
And strictly hath forbid resort  
From England to his royal court ;  
Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion's name,  
And honors much his warlike fame,  
My liege hath deem'd it shame, and lack  
Of courtesy, to turn him back ;  
And, by his order, I, your guide,  
Must lodging fit and fair provide,  
Till finds King James meet time to see  
The flower of English chivalry.”

## IX.

Though inly chafed at this delay,  
Lord Marmion bears it as he may.

The Palmer, his mysterious guide,  
Beholding thus his place supplied,  
Sought to take leave in vain ;  
Strict was the Lion King's command,  
That none, who rode in Marmion's band,  
Should sever from the train :  
“ England has here enow of spies  
In lady Heron's witching eyes ; ”  
To Marchmount thus, apart, he said,  
But fair pretext to Marmion made.  
The right-hand path they now decline,  
And trace against the stream the Tyne.

## X.

At length up that wild dale they wind,  
Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the bank ;  
For there the Lion's care assign'd  
A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.  
That Castle rises on the steep  
Of the green vale of Tyne :  
And far beneath, where slow they creep,  
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,  
Where alders moist, and willows weep,  
You hear her streams repine.  
The towers in different ages rose ;  
Their various architecture shows  
The builders' various hands ;  
A mighty mass that could oppose,  
When deadliest hatred fired its foes,  
The vengeful Douglas bands.

## XI.

Crichtoun ! though now thy miry court  
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,  
Thy turrets rude, and totter'd Keep,  
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.  
Oft have I traced, within thy fort,  
Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,  
Scutcheons of honor, or pretence,  
Quarter'd in old armorial sort,  
Remains of rude magnificence.  
Nor wholly yet had time defaced  
Thy lordly gallery fair ;  
Nor yet the stony cord unbraced,  
Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,  
Adorn thy ruin'd stair.  
Still rises unimpair'd below,  
The court-yard's graceful portico ;  
Above its cornice, row and row  
Of fair hewn facets richly show  
Their pointed diamond form,  
Though there but houseless cattle go,  
To shield them from the storm.  
And, shuddering, still may we explore,  
Where oft whilom were captives pent,  
The darkness of thy Massy More ;  
Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,  
May trace, in undulating line,  
The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

## XII.

Another aspect Crichtoun show'd,  
As through its portal Marmion rode ;  
But yet 'twas melancholy state  
Received him at the outer gate ;  
For none were in the castle then  
But women, boys, or aged men.  
With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing dame,  
To welcome noble Marmion, came ;  
Her son, a stripling twelve years old,  
Proffer'd the Baron's rein to hold ;  
For each man that could draw a sword  
Had march'd that morning with their lord,  
Earl Adam Hepburn, he who died  
On Flodden, by his sovereign's side.  
Long may his Lady look in vain !  
She ne'er shall see his gallant train  
Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-Dean.  
'Twas a brave race, before the name  
Of hated Bothwell stain'd their fame.

## XIII.

And here two days did Marmion rest,  
With every rite that honor claims,  
Attended as the King's own guest :—  
Such the command of Royal James,  
Who marshall'd then his land's array,  
Upon the Borough-moor that lay.  
Perchance he would not foeman's eye  
Upon his gathering host should pry,

Till full prepared was every band  
To march against the English land.  
Here while they dwelt, did Lindesay's wit  
Oft cheer the Baron's moodier fit;  
And, in his turn, he knew to prize  
Lord Marmion's powerful mind, and wise —  
Train'd in the lore of Rome and Greece,  
And policies of war and peace.

## XIV.

It chanced, as fell the second night,  
That on the battlements they walk'd,  
And, by the slowly fading light,  
Of varying topics talk'd;  
And, unaware, the Herald-bard  
Said, Marmion might his toil have spared,  
In travelling so far;  
For that a messenger from heaven  
In vain to James had counsel given  
Against the English war;  
And, closer question'd, thus he told  
A tale, which chronicles of old  
In Scottish story have enroll'd: —

## XV.

## SIR DAVID LINDESAY'S TALE.

“Of all the palaces so fair,  
Built for the royal dwelling,  
In Scotland, far beyond compare  
Linlithgow is excelling;

And in its park in jovial June,  
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,  
    How blithe the blackbird's lay!  
The wild buck bells from ferny brake,  
The coot dives merry on the lake,  
The saddest heart might pleasure take  
    To see all nature gay.  
But June is to our sovereign dear  
The heaviest month in all the year:  
Too well his cause of grief you know,  
June saw his father's overthrow.  
Woe to the traitors, who could bring  
The princely boy against his King!  
Still in his conscience burns the sting.  
In offices as strict as Lent,  
King James's June is ever spent.

## XVI.

“When last this ruthful month was come,  
And in Linlithgow's holy dome  
    The King, as wont, was praying;  
While, for his royal father's soul,  
The chanters sung, the bells did toll,  
    The Bishop mass was saying —  
For now the year brought round again  
The day the luckless king was slain —  
In Katherine's aisle the Monarch knelt,  
With sackcloth-shirt and iron belt,  
    And eyes with sorrow streaming;

Around him in their stalls of state,  
The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,  
    Their banners o'er them beaming.  
I too was there, and, sooth to tell,  
Bedeafen'd with the jangling knell,  
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,  
    Through the stain'd casement gleaming :  
But, while I mark'd what next befell,  
    It seem'd as I were dreaming.  
Stepp'd from the crowd a ghostly wight,  
In azure gown, with cincture white ;  
His forehead bald, his head was bare,  
Down hung at length his yellow hair. —  
Now, mock me not, when, good my Lord,  
I pledge to you my knightly word,  
That, when I saw his placid grace,  
His simple majesty of face,  
His solemn bearing, and his pace  
    So stately gliding on —  
Seem'd to me ne'er did limner paint  
So just an image of the Saint  
Who propp'd the Virgin in her faint —  
    The loved Apostle John !

## XVI.

“ He stepped before the Monarch's chair,  
And stood with rustic plainness there,  
    And little reverence made ;



Nor head, nor body, bow'd nor bent,  
But on the desk his arm he leant,  
And words like these he said,  
In a low voice, but never tone  
So thrill'd through vein, and nerve, and bone : —  
' My mother sent me from afar,  
Sir King, to warn thee not to war —  
Woe waits on thine array ;  
If war thou wilt, of women fair,  
Her witching wiles and wanton snare,  
James Stuart, doubly warn'd, beware :  
God keep thee as he may !'  
The wondering Monarch seem'd to seek  
For answer, and found none ;  
And when he raised his head to speak  
The monitor was gone.  
The marshal and myself had cast  
To stop him as he outward pass'd ;  
But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,  
He vanish'd from our eyes,  
Like sunbeam on the billow cast,  
That glances but, and dies."

## XVIII.

While Lindesay told his marvel strange,  
The twilight was so pale,  
He mark'd not Marmion's color change,  
While listening to the tale ;

But, after a suspended pause,  
The Baron spoke : — “ Of Nature’s laws  
So strong I held the force,  
That never superhuman cause  
Could e’er control their course.  
And, three days since, had judged your aim  
Was but to make your guest your game.  
But I have seen, since past the Tweed,  
What much has changed my sceptic creed,  
And made me credit aught.” — He staid,  
And seem’d to wish his words unsaid :  
But, by that strong emotion press’d,  
Which prompts us to unload our breast,  
Even when discovery’s pain,  
To Lindesay did at length unfold  
The tale his village host had told,  
At Gifford, to his train.  
Naught of the Palmer says he there,  
And naught of Constance, or of Clare :  
The thoughts, which broke his sleep, he seems  
To mention but as feverish dreams.

## XIX.

“ In vain,” said he, “ to rest I spread  
My burning limbs, and couch’d my head :  
Fantastic thoughts return’d ;  
And, by their wild dominion led,  
My heart within me burn’d.  
So sore was the delirious goad,

I took my steed, and forth I rode,  
And, as the moon shone bright and cold,  
Soon reach'd the camp upon the wold.  
The southern entrance I pass'd through,  
And halted, and my bugle blew.  
Methought an answer met my ear —  
Yet was the blast so low and drear,  
So hollow, and so faintly blown,  
It might be echo of my own.

## XX.

“ Thus judging, for a little space  
I listen'd, ere I left the place ;  
    But scarce could trust my eyes,  
Nor yet can think they served me true,  
When sudden in the ring I view,  
In form distinct of shape and hue,  
    A mounted champion rise. —  
I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,  
In single fight, and mix'd affray,  
And ever, I myself may say,  
    Have borne me as a knight ;  
But when this unexpected foe  
Seem'd starting from the gulf below —  
I care not though the truth I show —  
    I trembled with affright ;  
And as I placed in rest my spear,  
My hand so shook for very fear,  
    I scarce could couch it right.

## XXI.

“ Why need my tongue the issue  
We ran our course — my charger fell ; —  
What could he 'gainst the shock of hell? —

I roll'd upon the plain.

High o'er my head, with threatening hand,  
The spectre shook his naked brand —

Yet did the worst remain :

My dazzled eyes I upward cast —  
Not opening hell itself could blast

Their sight, like what I saw !

Full on his face the moonbeam strook —

A face could never be mistook !

I knew the stern vindictive look,

And held my breath for awe.

I saw the face of one who, fled

To foreign climes, has long been dead —

I well believe the last ;

For ne'er, when vizor raised, did stare

A human warrior, with a glare

So grimly and so ghast.

Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade ;

But when to good Saint George I pray'd

(The first time e'er I ask'd his aid),

He plunged it in his sheath ;

And, on his courser mounting light,

He seem'd to vanish from my sight :

The moonbeams droop'd, and deepest night

Sunk down upon the heath. —

"Twere long to tell what cause I have  
To know his face, that met me there,  
Call'd by his hatred from the grave,  
To cumber upper air,  
Dead or alive, good cause had he  
To be my mortal enemy."

## XXII.

Marvell'd Sir David of the Mount :  
Then, learn'd in story, 'gan recount  
Such chance had happ'd of old,  
When once, near Norham, there did fight  
A spectre fell of fiendish might,  
In likeness of a Scottish knight,  
With Brian Bulmer bold,  
And train'd him nigh to disallow  
The aid of his baptismal vow.  
"And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,  
With Highland broadsword, targe, and plaid,  
And fingers, red with gore,  
Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade,  
Or where the sable pine-trees shade  
Dark Tomantoul, and Auchnaslaid,  
Dromouchty, or Glenmore.  
And yet, whate'er such legends say,  
Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,  
On mountain, moor, or plain,  
Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,

True son of chivalry should hold  
These midnight terrors vain ;  
For seldom have such spirits power  
To harm, save in the evil hour,  
When guilt we meditate within,  
Or harbor unrepented sin." —  
Lord Marmion turned him half aside,  
And twice to clear his voice he tried,  
Then press'd Sir David's hand —  
But nought, at length, in answer said ;  
And here their farther converse staid,  
Each ordering that his band  
Should bowne them with the rising day,  
To Scotland's camp to take their way. —  
Such was the King's command.

## XXIII.

Early they took Dun-Edin's road,  
And I could trace each step they trode.  
Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone,  
Lies on the path to me unknown.  
Much might it boast of storied lore ;  
But, passing such digression o'er,  
Suffice it that the route was laid  
Across the furzy hills of Braid.  
They passed the glen and scanty rill,  
And climbed the opposing bank, until  
They gained the top of Blackford Hill.





Copyrighted by S. E. Cassino.

Marmion 2



## XXIV.

Blackford ! on whose uncultured breast,  
Among the broom, and thorn, and whim,  
A truant-boy, I sought the nest,  
Or listed, as I lay at rest,  
While rose, on breezes thin,  
The murmur of the city crowd,  
And, from his steeple jangling loud,  
Saint Giles's mingling din.  
Now, from the summit to the plain,  
Waves all the hill with yellow grain ;  
And o'er the landscape as I look,  
Nought do I see unchanged remain,  
Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook  
To me they make a heavy moan,  
Of early friendships past and gone.

## XXV.

But different far the change has been  
Since Marmion, from the crown  
Of Blackford, saw that martial scene  
Upon the bent so brown :  
Thousand pavilions, white as snow,  
Spread all the Borough-moor below,  
Upland, and dale, and down : —  
A thousand did I say? I ween

Thousands on thousands there were seen,  
That chequer'd all the heath between  
    The streamlet and the town ;  
In crossing ranks extending far,  
Forming a camp irregular ;  
Oft giving way, where still there stood  
Some relics of the old oak wood,  
That darkly huge did intervene,  
And tamed the glaring white with green :  
In these extended lines there lay  
A martial kingdom's vast array.

## XXVI.

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,  
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,  
And from the Southern Redswire edge,  
To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge ;  
From west to east, from south to north,  
Scotland sent all her warriors forth.  
Marmion might hear the mingled hum  
Of myriads up the mountain come ;  
The horses' tramp, the tingling clank,  
Where chiefs review'd their vassal rank,  
    And charger's shrilling neigh ;  
And see the shifting lines advance,  
While frequent flash'd, from shield to lance,  
    The sun's reflected ray.

## XXVII.

Thin curling in the morning air,  
The wreaths of failing smoke declare.  
To embers now the brands decay'd,  
Where the night-watch their fires had made.  
They saw, slow rolling on the plain,  
Full many a baggage-cart and wain,  
And dire artillery's clumsy car,  
By sluggish oxen tugg'd to war ;  
And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,  
And culverins which France had given.  
Ill-omen'd gift ! the guns remain  
The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.

## XXVIII.

Nor mark'd they less, where in the air  
A thousand streamers flaunted fair ;  
    Various in shape, device, and hue,  
    Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,  
Broad, narrow, swallow-tail'd, and square,  
Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol, there  
    O'er the pavilions flew.  
Highest and midmost, was descried  
The royal banner floating wide ;  
The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight,

Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,  
Which still in memory is shown,  
    Yet bent beneath the standard's weight  
        Whene'er the western wind unroll'd,  
    With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold,  
And gave to view the dazzling field,  
Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,  
    The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.

## XXIX.

Lord Marmion view'd the landscape bright —  
He view'd it with a chief's delight —  
    Until within him burn'd his heart,  
    And lightning from his eye did part,  
        As on the battle-day ;  
    Such glance did falcon never dart,  
        When stooping on his prey.  
“ Oh ! well. Lord-Lion, hast thou said,  
Thy King from warfare to dissuade  
    Were but in vain essay ;  
For, by St. George, were that host mine,  
Not power infernal nor divine,  
Should once to peace my soul incline,  
Till I had dimm'd their armor's shine  
    In glorious battle-fray ! ”  
Answer'd the Bard, of milder mood :  
“ Fair is the sight — and yet 'twere good  
    That kings would think withal,

When peace and wealth their land has bless'd,  
'Tis better to sit still at rest,  
Than rise, perchance to fall."

## XXX.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,  
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.  
When sated with the martial show  
That peopled all the plain below,  
The wandering eye could o'er it go,  
And mark the distant city glow  
With gloomy splendor red;  
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,  
That round her sable turrets flow,  
The morning beams were shed,  
And tinged them with a lustre proud,  
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.  
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
Where the huge Castle holds its state,  
And all the steep slope down,  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
Mine own romantic town!  
But northward far, with purer blaze,  
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,  
And as each heathy top they kiss'd,  
It gleam'd a purple amethyst.  
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;

Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law :  
And, broad between them roll'd,  
The gallant Firth the eye might note,  
Whose islands on its bosom float,  
Like emeralds chased in gold.  
Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent ;  
As if to give his rapture vent,  
The spur he to his charger lent,  
And raised his bridle hand,  
And, making demi-volte in air,  
Cried, " Where's the coward that would not dare  
To fight for such a land ? "  
The Lindesay smiled his joy to see ;  
Nor Marmion's frown repress'd his glee.

## XXXI.

Thus while they look'd, a flourish proud  
Where mingled trump and clarion loud,  
And fife, and kettle-drum,  
And sackbut deep, and psaltery,  
And war-pipe with discordant cry,  
And cymbal clattering to the sky,  
Making wild music bold and high,  
Did up the mountain come ;  
The whilst the bells, with distant chime,  
Merrily told the hour of prime,  
And thus the Lindesay spoke :  
" Thus clamor still the war-notes when

The king to mass his way has ta'en,  
Or to St. Katharine's of Sienne,  
Or Chapel of Saint Rocque.  
To you they speak of martial fame;  
But me remind of peaceful game,  
When blither was their cheer,  
Thrilling in Falkland-woods the air,  
In signal none his steed should spare,  
But strive which foremost might repair  
To the downfall of the deer.

## XXXII.

“Nor less,” he said — “when looking north,  
I view yon Empress of the North  
Sit on her hilly throne;  
Her palace's imperial bowers,  
Her castle, proof to hostile powers,  
Her stately halls and holy towers —  
Nor less,” he said, “I moan,  
To think what woe mischance may bring,  
And how these merry bells may ring,  
The death-dirge of our gallant king;  
Or with the larum call  
The burghers forth to watch and ward,  
'Gainst Southern sack and fires to guard  
Dun-Edin's leaguer'd wall. —  
But not for my presaging thought,  
Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought!  
Lord Marmion, I say nay;

God is the guider of the field,  
He breaks the champion's spear and shield —  
    But thou thyself shalt say,  
When joins yon host in deadly stowre,  
That England's dames must weep in bower,  
    Her monks the death-mass sing;  
For never saw'st thou such a power  
    Led on by such a King.”  
And now, down winding to the plain,  
The barriers of the camp they gain,  
    And there they made a stay. —  
There stay the Minstrel, till he fling  
    His hand o'er every Border string,  
And fit his harp the pomp to sing  
Of Scotland's ancient Court and King,  
    In the succeeding lay.



## CANTO FIFTH.

## THE COURT.

## I.

THE train has left the hills of Braid;  
The barrier guard have open made  
(So Lindesay bade) the palisade,  
That closed the tented ground;  
Their men the warders backward drew,  
And carried pikes as they rode through,  
Into its ample bound.  
Fast ran the Scottish warriors there,  
Upon the Southern band to stare,  
And envy with their wonder rose,  
To see such well-appointed foes;  
Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,  
So huge, that many simply thought,  
But for a vaunt such weapons wrought;  
And little deem'd their force to feel,  
Through links of mail, and plates of steel,  
When rattling upon Flodden vale,  
The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.

## II.

Nor less did Marmion's skilful view  
Glance every line and squadron through;  
And much he marvell'd one small land  
Could marshal forth such various band:

For men-at-arms were here,  
Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,  
Like iron towers for strength and weight,  
On Flemish steeds of bone and height,

With battle-axe and spear.  
Young knights and squires, a lighter train,  
Practised their chargers on the plain,  
By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,

Each warlike feat to show,  
To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,  
And high curvett, that not in vain  
The sword sway might descend amain

On foeman's casque below.  
He saw the hardy burghers there  
March arm'd, on foot, with faces bare,

For vizor they wore none,  
Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight;  
But burnished were their corslets bright,  
Their brigantines, and gorgets light,

Like very silver shone.  
Long pikes they had for standing fight,  
Two-handed swords they wore,  
And many wielded mace of weight,  
And bucklers bright they bore.

## III.

On foot the yeoman too, but dress'd  
In his steel-jack, a swarthy vest,  
    With iron quilted well ;  
Each at his back (a slender store)  
His forty days' provision bore,  
    As feudal statutes tell.  
His arms were halbert, axe, or spear,  
A crossbow there, a hagbut here,  
    A dagger-knife, and brand.  
Sober he seem'd, and sad of cheer,  
As loth to leave his cottage dear,  
    And march to foreign strand ;  
Or musing, who would guide his steer,  
    To till the fallow land.  
Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye  
Did ought of dastard terror lie ;  
    More dreadful far his ire,  
Than theirs, who, scorning danger's name,  
In eager mood to battle came,  
Their valor like light straw on flame,  
    A fierce but fading fire.

## IV.

Not so the Borderer : — bred to war,  
He knew the battle's din afar,  
    And joy'd to hear it swell.  
His peaceful day was slothful ease ;

Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please  
Like the loud slogan yell.  
On active steed, with lance and blade,  
The light-arm'd pricker plied his trade —  
Let nobles fight for fame ;  
Let vassals follow where they lead,  
Burghers to guard their townships bleed,  
But war's the Borderer's game.  
Their gain, their glory, their delight,  
To sleep the day, maraud the night,  
O'er mountain, moss, and moor ;  
Joyful to fight they took their way,  
Scarce caring who might win the day,  
Their booty was secure.  
These, as Lord Marmion's train pass'd by,  
Look'd on at first with careless eye,  
Nor marvell'd aught, well taught to know  
The form and force of English bow.  
But when they saw the Lord array'd  
In splendid arms and rich brocade,  
Each Borderer to his kinsman said —  
“ Hist, Ringen ! seest thou there !  
Canst guess which road they'll homeward ride ? —  
O ! could we but on Border side,  
By Eusedale glen, or Liddell's tide,  
Beset a prize so fair !  
That fangless Lion, too, their guide,  
Might chance to lose his glistering hide ;  
Brown Maudlin, of that doublet pied,  
Could make a kirtle rare.”

## V.

Next, Marmion mark'd the Celtic race,  
Of different language, form, and face,

A various race of man :

Just then the Chiefs their tribes array'd,  
And wild and garish semblance made,  
The checker'd trews, and belted plaid,  
And varying notes the war-pipes bray'd,

To every varying clan ;

Wild through their red or sable hair  
Look'd out their eyes with savage stare,

On Marmion as he pass'd ;

Their legs above the knee were bare ;  
Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,

And harden'd to the blast ;

Of taller race, the chiefs they own

Were by the eagle's plumage known.

The hunted red-deer's undress'd hide

Their hairy buskins well supplied ;

The graceful bonnet deck'd their head :

Back from their shoulders hung the plaid ;

A broadsword of unwieldy length,

A dagger proved for edge and strength,

A studded targe they wore,

And quivers, bows, and shafts — but, O !

Short was the shaft, and weak the bow,

To that which England bore.

The Isles-men carried at their backs

The ancient Danish battle-axe.

They raised a wild and wondering cry,  
As with his guide rode Marmion by.  
Loud were their clamoring tongues, as when  
The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen.  
And, with their cries discordant mix'd,  
Grumbled and yell'd the pipes betwixt.

## VI.

Thus through the Scottish camp they pass'd,  
And reached the City gate at last,  
Where all around, a wakeful guard,  
Arm'd burghers kept their watch and ward.  
Well had they cause of jealous fear,  
When lay encamped, in field so near,  
The Borderer and the Mountaineer.  
As through the bustling streets they go,  
All was alive with martial show :  
At every turn, with dinning clang,  
The armorer's anvil clash'd and rang ;  
Or toil'd the swarthy smith, to wheel  
The bar that arms the charger's heel ;  
Or axe, or falchion, to the side  
Of jarring grindstone was applied.  
Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,  
Through street, and lane, and market-place,  
Bore lance, or casque, or sword ;  
While burghers, with important face,  
Described each new-come lord,

Discuss'd his lineage, told his name,  
His following, and his warlike fame.  
The Lion led to lodging meet,  
Which high o'erlook'd the crowded street ;  
    There must the Baron rest,  
Till past the hour of vesper tide,  
And then to Holy-Rood must ride —  
    Such was the King's behest.  
Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns  
A banquet rich, and costly wines,  
    To Marmion and his train ;  
And when the appointed hour succeeds,  
The Baron dons his peaceful weeds,  
And following Lindesay as he leads,  
    The palace-halls they gain.

## VII.

Old Holy-Rood rung merrily  
That night, with wassell, mirth, and glee ;  
King James within her princely bower  
Feasted the Chiefs of Scotland's power,  
Summon'd to spend the parting hour ;  
For he had charg'd, that his array  
Should southward march by break of day.  
Well loved that splendid monarch aye  
    The banquet and the song,  
By day the tourney, and by night  
The merry dance, traced fast and light,

The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,  
The revel loud and long.  
This feast outshone his banquets past,  
It was his blithest — and his last.  
The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,  
Cast on the Court a dancing ray ;  
Here to the harp did minstrels sing ;  
There ladies touch'd a softer string ;  
With long-ear'd cap, and motley vest,  
The licensed fool retail'd his jest ;  
His magic tricks the juggler plied ;  
At dice and draughts the gallants vied ;  
While some, in close recess apart,  
Court'd the ladies of their heart,  
Nor court'd them in vain ;  
For often, in the parting hour,  
Victorious Love asserts his power  
O'er coldness and disdain ;  
And flinty is her heart, can view  
To battle march a lover true —  
Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,  
Nor own her share of pain.

## VIII.

Through this mix'd crowd of glee and game,  
The King to greet Lord Marmion came,  
While, reverent, all made room.



An easy task it was, I trow,  
King James's manly form to know,  
Although, his courtesy to show,  
He doff'd to Marmion bending low,  
His broider'd cap and plume.  
For royal was his garb and mien,  
His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,  
Trimm'd with the fur of martin wild ;  
His vest of changeful satin sheen,  
The dazzled eye beguiled ;  
His gorgeous collar hung adown,  
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,  
The thistle brave, of old renown :  
His trusty blade, Toledo right,  
Descended from a baldric bright ;  
White were his buskins, on the heel  
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel ;  
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,  
Was button'd with a ruby rare :  
And Marmion deem'd he ne'er had seen  
A prince of such a noble mien.

## IX.

The monarch's form was middle size ;  
For feat of strength, or exercise,  
Shaped in proportion fair ;  
And hazel was his eagle eye,

And auburn of the darkest dye  
His short curl'd beard and hair.  
Light was his footstep in the dance,  
And firm his stirrup in the lists;  
And, oh ! he had that merry glance,  
That seldom lady's heart resists.  
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,  
And loved to plead, lament, and sue ; —  
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,  
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.  
I said he joy'd in banquet bower ;  
But, 'mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,  
How suddenly his cheer would change,  
His look o'ercast and lower.  
If, in a sudden turn, he felt  
The pressure of his iron belt,  
That bound his breast in penance pain,  
In memory of his father slain.  
Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,  
Soon as the passing pang was o'er  
Forward he rush'd, with double glee,  
Into the stream of revelry :  
Thus, dim-seen object of affright  
Startles the courser in his flight,  
And half he halts, half springs aside ;  
But feels the quickening spur applied,  
And, straining on the tighten'd rein,  
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain

## X.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,  
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway :

To Scotland's court she came,  
To be a hostage for her lord,  
Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,  
And with the King to make accord,  
Had sent his lovely dame.

Nor to that lady free alone  
Did the gay King allegiance owe ;

For the fair Queen of France  
Sent him a turquoise ring and glove,  
And charged him, as her knight and love,  
For her to break a lance ;

And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,  
And march three miles on Southron land,  
And bid the banners of his band

In English breezes dance.

And thus, for France's Queen he drest  
His manly limbs in mailèd vest ;  
And thus admitted English fair  
His inmost counsels still to share ;  
And thus for both he madly plann'd  
The ruin of himself and land !

And yet, the sooth to tell,  
Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen,  
Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,  
From Margaret's eyes that fell —

His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's  
    bower,  
All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

## XI.

The Queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,  
    And weeps the weary day  
The war against her native soil,  
Her Monarch's risk in battle broil : —  
And in gay Holy-Rood, the while,  
Dame Heron rises with a smile  
    Upon the harp to play.  
Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er  
    The strings her fingers flew ;  
And as she touch'd and tuned them **all**,  
Even her bosom's rise and fall  
    Was plainer given to view ;  
For, all for heat, was laid aside  
Her wimple, and her hood untied.  
And first she pitch'd her voice to sing,  
Then glanced her dark eye on the King,  
And then around the silent ring ;  
And laugh'd, and blush'd, and oft did say  
Her pretty oath, by Yea and Nay,  
She could not, would not, durst not play !  
At length upon the harp, with glee,  
Mingled with arch simplicity,  
A soft, yet lively, air she rung,  
While thus the wily lady sung : —

## XII.

## LOCHINVAR.

## LADY HERON'S SONG.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide Border his steed was the  
    best ;  
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had  
    none,  
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stay'd not for brake, and he stopp'd not for  
    stone,  
He swam the Esk river where ford there was  
    none ;  
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers,  
    and all :  
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his  
    sword

(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),

“ O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar? ” —

“ I long woo’d your daughter, my suit you denied ; —

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —

And now am I come, with this lost love of mine  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,

That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kiss’d the goblet: the knight took it up,

He quaff’d off the wine, and he threw down the cup.

She look’d down to blush, and she look’d up to sigh,

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye,  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar —

“ Now tread we a measure ! ” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did  
    fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet  
    and plume ;  
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, “ ’Twere bet-  
    ter by far  
To have match'd our fair cousin with young  
    Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her  
    ear,  
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the char-  
    ger stood near ;  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !  
“ She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush,  
    and scaur ;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth  
    young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the  
    Netherby clan ;  
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode  
    and they ran ;  
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they  
    see.

So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Loch-  
invar?

## XIII.

The Monarch o'er the siren hung,  
And beat the measure as she sung;  
And, pressing closer and more near,  
He whisper'd praises in her ear.  
In loud applause the courtiers vied;  
And ladies wink'd, and spoke aside.

The witching dame to Marmion threw  
A glance, where seem'd to reign  
The pride that claims applauses due,  
And of her royal conquest too,  
A real or feign'd disdain:  
Familiar was the look, and told  
Marmion and she were friends of old.  
The King observed their meeting eyes  
With something like displeased surprise;  
For monarchs ill can rivals brook,  
Even in a word, or smile, or look.  
Straight took he forth the parchment broad,  
Which Marmion's high commission show'd:  
"Our Borders sack'd by many a raid,  
Our peaceful liege-men robb'd," he said:  
"On day of truce our Warden slain,  
Stout Barton kill'd, his vassals ta'en —



Unworthy were we here to reign,  
Should these for vengeance cry in vain;  
Our full defiance, hate, and scorn,  
Our herald has to Henry borne."

## XIV.

He paused, and led where Douglas stood,  
And with stern eye the pageant view'd:  
I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore,  
Who coronet of Angus bore,  
And, when his blood and heart were high,  
Did the third James in camp defy,  
And all his minions led to die

On Lauder's dreary flat:  
Princes and favorites long grew tame,  
And trembled at the homely name  
Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat;  
The same who left the dusky vale  
Of Hermitage in Liddesdale,  
Its dungeons, and its towers,  
Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,  
And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,  
To fix his princely bowers.  
Though now, in age, he had laid down  
His armor for the peaceful gown,  
And for a staff his brand,  
Yet often would flash forth the fire  
That could, in youth, a monarch's ire  
And minions' pride withstand;

And even that day, at council board,  
Unapt to soothe his sovereign's mood,  
Against the war had Angus stood,  
And chafed his royal lord.

## XV.

His giant-form, like ruin'd tower,  
Though fall'n its muscles' brawny vaunt,  
Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt,  
Seem'd o'er the gaudy scene to lower :  
His locks and beard in silver grew ;  
His eyebrows kept their sable hue.  
Near Douglas when the Monarch stood,  
His bitter speech he thus pursued :  
“ Lord Marmion, since these letters say  
That in the North you needs must stay,  
While slightest hopes of peace remain,  
Uncourteous speech it were, and stern,  
To say — Return to Lindisfarne,  
Until my herald come again. —  
Then rest you in Tantallon Hold :  
Your host shall be the Douglas bold —  
A chief unlike his sires of old.  
He wears their motto on his blade,  
Their blazon o'er his towers display'd ;  
Yet loves his sovereign to oppose  
More than to face his country's foes.  
And, I bethink me, by St. Stephen,  
But e'en this morn to me was given

A prize, the first-fruits of the war,  
Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar,  
A bevy of the maids of Heaven.  
Under your guard, these holy maids  
Shall safe return to cloister shades,  
And, while they at Tantallon stay,  
Requiem for Cochran's soul may say."  
And, with the slaughter'd favorite's name,  
Across the Monarch's brow there came  
A cloud of ire, remorse, and shame.

## XVI.

In answer nought could Angus speak;  
His proud heart swell'd well-nigh to break:  
He turn'd aside, and down his cheek

A burning tear there stole.  
His hand the Monarch sudden took,  
That sight his kind heart could not brook.

"Now, by the Bruce's soul,  
Angus, my hasty speech forgive!  
For sure as doth his spirit live,  
As he said of the Douglas old,

I well may say of you —  
That never king did subject hold,  
In speech more free, in war more bold,  
More tender and more true:  
Forgive me, Douglas, once again." —  
And, while the King his hand did strain,  
The old man's tears fell down like rain.

To seize the moment Marmion tried,  
And whisper'd to the King aside :  
“ Oh ! let such tears unwonted plead  
For respite short from dubious deed !  
A child will weep a bramble's smart,  
A maid to see her sparrow part,  
A stripling for a woman's heart ;  
But woe awaits a country, when  
She sees the tears of bearded men.  
Then, oh ! what omen, dark and high,  
When Douglas wets his manly eye ! ”

## XVII.

Displeased was James, that stranger view'd  
And tamper'd with his changing mood.  
“ Laugh those that can, weep those that may,”  
Thus did the fiery Monarch say,  
“ Southward I march by break of day ;  
And if within Tantallon strong,  
The good Lord Marmion tarries long,  
Perchance our meeting next may fall  
At Tamworth, in his castle-hall.” —  
The haughty Marmion felt the taunt,  
And answer'd, grave, the royal vaunt :  
“ Much honor'd were my humble home,  
If in its halls King James should come ;  
But Nottingham has archers good,  
And Yorkshire men are stern of mood ;  
Northumbrian prickers wild and rude.

On Derby Hills the paths are steep ;  
In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep ;  
And many a banner will be torn,  
And many a knight to earth be borne,  
And many a sheaf of arrows spent,  
Ere Scotland's King shall cross the Trent.  
Yet pause, brave Prince, while yet you may ! " —  
The Monarch lightly turn'd away,  
And to his nobles loud did call —  
" Lords, to the dance — a hall ! a hall ! "  
Himself his cloak and sword flung by  
And led Dame Heron gallantly ;  
And minstrels, at the royal order,  
Rung out — " Blue Bonnets o'er the Border."

## XVIII.

Leave we these revels now, to tell  
What to Saint Hilda's maids befell,  
Whose galley, as they sail'd again  
To Whitby, by a Scot was ta'en.  
Now at Dun-Edin did they bide,  
Till James should of their fate decide ;  
And soon, by his command  
Were gently summon'd to prepare  
To journey under Marmion's care,  
As escort honor'd, safe, and fair,  
Again to English land.  
The Abbess told her chaplet o'er,

Nor knew which saint she should implore,  
For, when she thought of Constance, sore  
    She fear'd Lord Marmion's mood.  
And judge what Clara must have felt !  
The sword that hung in Marmion's belt,  
    Had drunk De Wilton's blood.  
Unwittingly, King James had given,  
    As guard to Whitby's shades,  
The man most dreaded under Heaven  
    By these defenceless maids :  
Yet what petition could avail,  
Or who would listen to the tale  
Of woman, prisoner, and nun,  
'Mid bustle of a war begun ?  
They deem'd it hopeless to avoid  
The convoy of their dangerous guide.

## XIX.

Their lodging, so the King assign'd,  
To Marmion's, as their guardian, join'd ;  
And thus it fell, that, passing nigh,  
The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,  
    Who warn'd him by a scroll,  
She had a secret to reveal,  
That much concern'd the Church's weal,  
    And health of sinner's soul ;  
And, with deep charge of secrecy,  
    She named a place to meet,

Within an open balcony,  
That hung from dizzy pitch, and high,  
    Above the stately street ;  
To which, as common to each home,  
At night they might in secret come.

## XX.

At night, in secret, there they came,  
The Palmer and the holy Dame.  
The moon among the clouds rode high,  
And all the city hum was by.  
Upon the street, where late before  
Did din of war and warriors roar,  
    You might have heard a pebble fall,  
A beetle hum, a cricket sing,  
An owlet flap his boding wing  
    On Giles's steeple tall.  
The antique buildings, climbing high,  
Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky,  
    Were here wrapt deep in shade ;  
There on their brows the moon-beam broke,  
Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,  
    And on the casements play'd.  
And other light was none to see,  
    Save torches gliding far,  
Before some chieftain of degree,  
Who left the royal revelry  
    To bowne him for the war. —  
A solemn scene the Abbess chose ;  
A solemn hour, her secret to disclose.

## XXI.

“O, holy Palmer!” she began —  
“For sure he must be sainted man,  
Whose blessed feet have trod the ground  
Where the Redeemer’s tomb is found —  
For His dear Church’s sake, my tale  
Attend, nor deem of light avail,  
Though I must speak of worldly love —  
How vain to those who wed above! —  
De Wilton and Lord Marmion woo’d  
Clara de Clare, of Gloster’s blood  
(Idle it were of Whitby’s dame,  
To say of that same blood I came);  
And once when jealous rage was high,  
Lord Marmion said despiteously,  
Wilton was traitor in his heart,  
And had made league with Martin Swart,  
When he came here on Simnel’s part;  
And only cowardice did restrain  
His rebel aid on Stokefield’s plain —  
And down he threw his glove: — the thing  
Was tried, as wont, before the King;  
Where frankly did De Wilton own  
That Swart in Gueldres he had known;  
And that between them then there went  
Some scroll of courteous compliment.  
For this he to his castle sent;  
But when his messenger return’d,  
Judge how De Wilton’s fury burn’d!





Copyrighted by S. E. Cassino,

Marmion 3



For in his packet there were laid  
Letters that claim'd disloyal aid,  
And proved King Henry's cause betray'd.  
His fame, thus blighted, in the field  
He strove to clear by spear and shield ; —  
To clear his fame in vain he strove,  
For wonderous are His ways above !  
Perchance some form was unobserved ;  
Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved ;  
Else how could guiltless champion quail,  
Or how the blessed ordeal fail?

## XXII.

“ His squire, who now De Wilton saw  
As recreant doom'd to suffer law,  
Repentant, own'd in vain,  
That, while he had the scrolls in care,  
A stranger maiden, passing fair,  
Had drenched him with a beverage rare ;  
His words, no faith could gain.  
With Clare alone he credence won,  
Who, rather than wed Marmion,  
Did to Saint Hilda's shrine repair,  
To give our house her livings fair  
And die a vestal vot'ress there.  
The impulse from the earth was given,  
But bent her to the paths of heaven.  
A purer heart, a lovelier maid,

Ne'er shelter'd her in Whitby's shade,  
No, not since Saxon Edelfled;  
Only one trace of earthly strain,  
That for her lover's loss  
She cherishes a sorrow vain,  
And murmurs at the cross. —  
And then her heritage — it goes  
Along the banks of Tame;  
Deep fields of grain the reaper mows,  
In meadows rich the heifer lows,  
The falconer and huntsman know  
Its woodlands for the game.  
Shame were it to Saint Hilda dear,  
And I, her humble vot'ress here,  
Should do a deadly sin,  
Her temple spoil'd before mine eyes,  
If this false Marmion such a prize  
By my consent should win;  
Yet hath our boisterous monarch sworn  
That Clare shall from our house be torn,  
And grievous cause have I to fear  
Such mandate doth Lord Marmion bear.

## XXIII.

“ Now, prisoner, helpless, and betray'd  
To evil power, I claim thine aid,  
By every step that thou hast trod  
To holy shrine and grotto dim,  
By every martyr's tortured limb,

By angel, saint, and seraphim,  
And by the Church of God!  
For mark: When Wilton was betray'd,  
And with this squire forged letters laid,  
She was, alas! that sinful maid,  
By whom the deed was done —  
O! shame and horror to be said —  
She was a perjured nun!  
No clerk in all the land, like her,  
Traced quaint and varying character.  
Perchance you may a marvel deem,  
That Marmion's paramour  
(For such vile thing she was) should scheme  
Her lover's nuptial hour;  
But o'er him thus she hoped to gain,  
As privy to his honor's stain,  
Illimitable power:  
For this she secretly retain'd  
Each proof that might the plot reveal,  
Instructions with his hand and seal;  
And thus Saint Hilda deign'd,  
Through sinner's perfidy impure,  
Her house's glory to secure,  
And Clare's immortal weal.

## XXIV.

“'Twere long, and needless, here to tell,  
How to my hand these papers fell;  
With me they must not stay.

Saint Hilda keep her Abbess true !  
Who knows what outrage he might do,  
While journeying by the way? —  
O, blessed Saint, if e'er again  
I venturous leave thy calm domain,  
To travel or by land or main,  
Deep penance may I pay ! —  
Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer :  
I give this packet to thy care,  
For thee to stop they will not dare  
And O ! with cautious speed,  
To Wolsey's hand the papers bring,  
That he may show them to the King :  
And, for thy well-earn'd meed,  
Thou holy man, at Whitby's shrine  
A weekly mass shall still be thine,  
While priests can sing and read. —  
What ail'st thou? — Speak !” For as he took  
The charge, a strong emotion shook  
His frame ; and, ere reply,  
They heard a faint, yet shrilly tone  
Like distant clarion feebly blown,  
That on the breeze did die ;  
And long the Abbess shriek'd in fear,  
“ Saint Withold, save us ! — What is here?  
Look at yon City Cross !  
See on its battle tower appear  
Phantoms, that scutcheons seem to rear,  
And blazon'd banners toss ! ”

## XXV.

Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,  
Rose on a turret octagon  
(But now is razed that monument,  
Whence royal edict rang,  
And voice of Scotland's law was sent  
In glorious trumpet-clang.  
O! be his tomb as lead to lead,  
Upon its dull destroyer's head!  
A minstrel's malison is said).  
Then on its battlements they saw  
A vision, passing Nature's law,  
Strange, wild, and dimly seen;  
Figures that seem'd to rise and die,  
Gibber and sign, advance and fly,  
While nought confirm'd could ear or eye  
Discern of sound or mien.  
Yet darkly did it seem, as there  
Heralds and Pursuivants prepare,  
With trumpet sound and blazon fair,  
A summons to proclaim;  
But indistinct the pageant proud,  
As fancy forms of midnight cloud,  
When flings the moon upon her shroud  
A wavering tinge of flame;  
It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,  
From midmost of the spectre crowd,  
This awful summons came:

## XXVI.

“ Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,  
Whose names I now shall call,  
Scottish, or foreigner, give ear ;  
Subjects of him who sent me here,  
At his tribunal to appear,  
I summon one and all :  
I cite you by each deadly sin,  
That e’er hath soil’d your hearts within ;  
I cite you by each brutal lust,  
That e’er defiled your earthly dust —  
By wrath, by pride, by fear,  
By each o’ermastering passion’s tone,  
By the dark grave, and dying groan !  
When forty days are pass’d and gone,  
I cite you, at your Monarch’s throne,  
To answer and appear.”  
Then thunder’d forth a roll of names :  
The first was thine, unhappy James !  
Then all thy nobles came :  
Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle,  
Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyle —  
Why should I tell their separate style ?  
Each chief of birth and fame,  
Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,  
Fore-doom’d to Flodden’s carnage pile,  
Was cited there by name ;  
And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,



Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye ;  
De Wilton, erst of Aberley,  
The self-same thundering voice did say —  
    But then another spoke :  
“ Thy fatal summons I deny,  
And thine infernal Lord defy,  
Appealing me to Him on High,  
    Who burst the sinner’s yoke.”  
At that dread accent, with a scream,  
Parted the pageant like a dream,  
    The summoner was gone.  
Prone on her face the Abbess fell,  
And fast, and fast, her beads did tell ;  
Her nuns came, startled by the yell,  
    And found her there alone.  
She mark’d not, at the scene aghast,  
What time, or how, the Palmer pass’d,

## XXVII.

Shift we the scene. — The camp doth move,  
    Dun-Edin’s streets are empty now,  
Save when, for weal of those they love,  
    To pray the prayer, and vow the vow,  
The tottering child, the anxious fair,  
The grey-hair’d sire, with pious care,  
To chapels and to shrines repair. —  
Where is the Palmer now? and where  
The Abbess, Marmion, and Clare?

Bold Douglas ! to Tantallon fair  
They journey in thy charge :  
Lord Marmion rode on his right hand,  
The Palmer still was with the band ;  
Angus, like Lindesay, did command  
That none should roam at large.  
But in that Palmer's altered mien  
A wondrous change might now be seen.  
Freely he spoke of war,  
Of marvels wrought by single hand,  
When lifted for a native land ;  
And still look'd high, as if he plann'd  
Some desperate deed afar.  
His courser would he feed and stroke,  
And, tucking up his sable frocke,  
Would first his metal bold provoke,  
Then soothe or quell his pride.  
Old Hubert said, that never one  
He saw, except Lord Marmion,  
A steed so fairly ride.

## XXVIII.

Some half-hour's march behind, there came,  
By Eustace govern'd fair,  
A troop escorting Hilda's Dame,  
With all her nuns, and Clare.  
No audience had Lord Marmion sought ;  
Ever he fear'd to aggravate  
Clara de Clare's suspicious hate ;

And safer 'twas, he thought,  
To wait till, from the nuns removed,  
The influence of kinsmen loved,  
And suit by Henry's self approved,  
Her slow consent had wrought.  
His was no flickering flame, that dies  
Unless when fann'd by looks and sighs,  
And lighted oft at lady's eyes ;  
He long'd to stretch his wide command  
O'er luckless Clara's ample land ;  
Besides, when Wilton with him vied,  
Although the pang of humbled pride  
The place of jealousy supplied,  
Yet conquest by that meanness won  
He almost loath'd to think upon,  
Led him, at times, to hate the cause  
Which made him burst through honor's laws.  
If e'er he loved, 'twas her alone,  
Who died within the vault of stone.

## XXIX.

And now, when close at hand they saw  
North Berwick's town, and oftly Law,  
Fitz-Eustace bade them pause awhile,  
Before a venerable pile,  
Whose turrets view'd, afar,  
The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle,  
The ocean's peace or war.

At tolling of a bell, forth came  
The convent's venerable Dame,  
And pray'd Saint Hilda's Abbess rest  
With her, a loved and honor'd guest,  
Till Douglas should a bark prepare  
To waft her back to Whitby fair.  
Glad was the Abbess, you may guess,  
And thanked the Scottish Prioress;  
And tedious were to tell, I ween,  
The courteous speech that pass'd between.

O'erjoyed, the nuns' their palfreys leave;  
But when fair Clara did intend,  
Like them, from horseback to descend,

Fitz-Eustace said, "I grieve,  
Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart,  
Such gentle company to part; —

Think not discourtesy,  
But lords' commands must be obey'd;  
And Marmion and the Douglas said,

That you must wend with me.  
Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,  
Which to the Scottish Earl he show'd,  
Commanding that, beneath his care,  
Without delay you shall repair  
To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Claire."

## XXX.

The startled Abbess loud exclaim'd;  
But she, at whom the blow was aim'd,

Grew pale as death and cold as lead —  
She deem'd she heard her death-doom read.

“Cheer thee, my child!” the Abbess said,  
“They dare not tear thee from my hand,  
To ride alone with armèd band.”

“Nay, holy mother, nay,”  
Fitz-Eustace said, “the lovely Clare  
Will be in Lady Angus’ care,

In Scotland while we stay;  
And, when we move, an easy ride  
Will bring us to the English side,  
Female attendance to provide

Befitting Gloster’s heir:  
Nor thinks nor dreams my noble lord,  
By slightest look, or act, or word,  
To harass Lady Clare.

Her faithful guardian he will be,  
Nor sue for slightest courtesy  
That e’en to stranger falls,  
Till he shall place her, safe and free,  
Within her kinsman’s halls.”

He spoke, and blush’d with earnest grace;  
His faith was painted on his face,  
And Clare’s worst fear relieved.

The Lady Abbess loud exclaim’d  
On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,  
Entreated, threaten’d, grieved;  
To martyr, saint, and prophet pray’d,  
Against Lord Marmion inveigh’d,

And call'd the Prioress to aid,  
To curse with candle, bell, and book.  
Her head the grave Cistercian shook :  
“ The Douglas, and the King,” she said,  
“ In their commands will be obey'd ;  
Grieve not, nor dream that harm can fall  
The maiden in Tantallon hall.”

## XXXI.

The Abbess, seeing strife was vain,  
Assumed her wonted state again —  
For much of state she had —  
Composed her veil, and raised her head,  
And — “ Bid,” in solemn voice she said,  
“ Thy master, bold and bad,  
The records of his house turn o'er,  
And, when he shall there written see,  
That one of his own ancestry  
Drove the Monks forth of Coventry,  
Bid him his fate explore !  
Prancing in pride of earthly trust,  
His charger hurl'd him to the dust,  
And, by a base plebeian thrust,  
He died his band before.  
God judge 'twixt Marmion and me ;  
He is a Chief of high degree,  
And I a poor recluse :  
Yet oft, in holy writ, we see  
Even such weak minister as me

May the oppressor bruise :  
For thus, inspired, did Judith slay  
The mighty in his sin,  
And Jael thus, and Deborah " —  
Here hasty Blount broke in :  
" Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band ;  
St. Anton' fire thee ! wilt thou stand  
All day, with bonnet in thy hand,  
To hear the lady preach ?  
By this good light ! if thus we stay,  
Lord Marmion, for our fond delay,  
Will sharper sermon teach.  
Come, don thy cap, and mount thy horse ;  
The dame must patience take perforce."

## XXXII.

" Submit we then to force," said Clare,  
" But let this barbarous lord despair  
His purposed aim to win ;  
Let him take living, land, and life ;  
But to be Marmion's wedded wife  
In me were deadly sin :  
And if it be the King's decree  
That I must find no sanctuary  
In that inviolable dome,  
Where even a homicide might come,  
And safely rest his head,  
Though at its open portals stood,  
Thirsting to pour forth blood for blood,  
The kinsmen of the dead ;

Yet one asylum is my own  
Against the dreaded hour ;  
A low, a silent, and a lone,  
Where kings have little power.  
One victim is before me there. —  
Mother, your blessing, and in prayer  
Remember your unhappy Clare ! ”  
Loud weeps the Abbess, and bestows  
Kind blessings many a one :  
Weeping and wailing loud arose,  
Round patient Clare, the clamorous woes  
Of every simple nun.  
His eyes the gentle Eustace dried,  
And scarce rude Blount the sight could bide,  
Then took the squire her rein,  
And gently led away her steed,  
And, by each courteous word and deed,  
To cheer her strove in vain.

## XXXIII.

But scant three miles the band had rode,  
When o'er a height they passed,  
And, sudden, close before them show'd  
His towers, Tantallon vast ;  
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,  
And held impregnable in war,  
On a projecting rock they rose,  
And round three sides the ocean flows,  
The fourth did battled walls enclose,  
And double mound and fosse.



By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,  
Through studded gates, an entrance long,  
    To the main court they cross.  
It was a wide and stately square :  
Around were lodgings, fit and fair,  
    And towers of various form,  
Which on the court projected far,  
And broke its lines quadrangular.  
Here was square keep, there turret high,  
Or pinnacle that sought the sky,  
Whence oft the warder could descry  
    The gathering ocean storm.

## XXXIV.

Here did they rest. — The princely care  
Of Douglas, why should I declare,  
Or say they met reception fair ;  
    Or why the tidings say,  
Which, varying, to Tantallon came,  
By hurrying posts of fleeter fame,  
    With ever-varying day ?  
And, first, they heard King James had won  
    Etall, and Wark, and Ford : and, then,  
    That Norham Castle strong was ta'en.  
At that sore marvell'd Marmion ; —  
And Douglas hoped his monarch's hand  
Would soon subdue Northumberland :  
    But whisper'd news there came,  
That, while his host inactive lay,

And melted by degrees away,  
King James was dallying off the day  
    With Heron's wily dame. —  
Such acts to chronicles I yield ;  
    Go seek them there, and see :  
Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,  
    And not a history. —  
At length they heard the Scottish host  
On that high ridge had made their post,  
    Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain ;  
And that brave Surrey many a band  
Had gather'd in the Southern land,  
And march'd into Northumberland,  
    And camp at Wooler ta'en.  
Marmion, like charger in the stall,  
That hears, without, the trumpet-call,  
    Began to chafe, and swear : —  
“ A sorry thing to hide my head  
In castle, like a fearful maid,  
    When such a field is near !  
Needs must I see this battle-day :  
Death to my fame if such a fray  
Were fought, and Marmion away !  
The Douglas, too, I wot not why,  
Hath 'bated of his courtesy :  
No longer in his halls I'll stay.”  
Then bade his band they should array  
For march against the dawning day.





Copyrighted by S. E. Cassino.

Marmion 4

## CANTO SIXTH.

## THE BATTLE.

## I.

WHILE great events were on the gale,  
And each hour brought a varying tale,  
And the demeanor, changed and cold,  
Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold,  
And, like the impatient steed of war,  
He snuff'd the battle from afar ;  
And hopes were none, that back again  
Herald should come from Terouenne,  
Where England's King in leaguer lay,  
Before decisive battle-day ;  
Whilst these things were, the mournful Clare  
Did in the Dame's devotions share :  
For the good Countess ceaseless pray'd  
To Heaven and Saints, her sons to aid,  
And, with short interval, did pass  
From prayer to book, from book to mass,  
And all in high Baronial pride —  
A life both dull and dignified ;  
Yet as Lord Marmion nothing press'd  
Upon her intervals of rest,

Dejected Clara well could bear  
The formal state, the lengthen'd prayer,  
Though dearest to her wounded heart  
The hours that she might spend apart.

## II.

I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep  
Hung o'er the margin of the deep.  
Many a rude tower and rampart there  
Repell'd the insult of the air,  
Which when the tempest vex'd the sky,  
Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by.  
Above the rest, a turret square  
Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,  
Of sculpture rude a stony shield;  
The Bloody Heart was in the Field,  
And in the chief three mullets stood,  
The cognizance of Douglas blood.  
The turret held a narrow stair,  
Which, mounted, gave you access where  
A parapet's embattled row  
Did seaward round the castle go.  
Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,  
Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,  
Sometimes in platform broad extending,  
Its varying circle did combine  
Bulwark, and bartizan, and line,  
And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign;

**A**bove the booming ocean leant  
The far-projecting battlement :  
The billows burst, in ceaseless flow,  
Upon the precipice below.  
Where'er Tantallon faced the land,  
Gate-works, and walls, were strongly mann'd ;  
No need upon the sea-girt side ;  
The steepy rock, and frantic tide,  
Approach of human step denied ;  
And thus these lines and ramparts rude,  
Were left in deepest solitude.

## III.

And, for they were so lonely, Clare  
Would to these battlements repair,  
And muse upon her sorrows there,  
And list the sea-bird's cry ;  
Or slow, like noon-tide ghost, would glide,  
Along the dark-grey bulwarks' side,  
And ever on the heaving tide  
Look down with weary eye.  
Oft did the cliff and swelling main  
Recall the thoughts of Whitby's fane —  
A home she ne'er might see again ;  
For she had laid adown,  
So Douglas bade, the hood and veil,  
And frontlet of the cloister pale,  
And Benedictine gown :

It were unseemly sight, he said,  
A novice out of convent shade. —  
Now her bright locks, with sunny glow,  
Again adorn'd her brow of snow ;  
Her mantle rich, whose borders, round,  
A deep and fretted broiderie bound,  
In golden foldings sought the ground ;  
Of holy ornament, alone  
Remain'd a cross with ruby stone ;  
    And often did she look  
On that which in her hand she bore,  
With velvet bound, and broider'd o'er,  
    Her breviary book.  
In such a place, so lone, so grim,  
At dawning pale, on twilight dim,  
    It fearful would have been  
To meet a form so richly dress'd,  
With book in hand, and cross on breast,  
    And such a woeful mien.  
Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his bow,  
To practise on the gull and crow,  
Saw her, at distance, gliding slow,  
    And did by Mary swear —  
Some love-lorn Fay she might have been,  
Or, in Romance, some spell-bound Queen ;  
For ne'er, in work-day world, was seen  
    A form so witching fair.



## IV.

Once walking thus, at evening tide,  
It chanced a gliding sail she spied,  
And, sighing thought — “ The Abbess, there,  
Perchance, does to her home repair ;  
Her peaceful rule, where Duty, free,  
Walks hand in hand with Charity ;  
Where oft Devotion’s trancèd glow  
Can such a glimpse of heaven bestow,  
That the enraptured sisters see  
High vision and deep mystery ;  
The very form of Hilda fair,  
Hovering upon the sunny air,  
And smiling on her votaries’ prayer.  
O ! wherefore, to my duller eye  
Did still the Saint her form deny ;  
Was it, that, sear’d by sinful scorn,  
My heart could neither melt nor burn ?  
Or lie my warm affections low,  
With him, that taught them first to glow ?  
Yet, gentle Abbess, well I knew  
To pay thy kindness grateful due,  
And well could brook the mild command  
That ruled thy simple maiden band.  
How different now ! condemn’d to bide  
My doom from this dark tyrant’s pride. —  
But Marmion has to learn, ere long,  
That constant mind, and hate of wrong,

Descended to a feeble girl  
From Red De Clare, stout Gloster's Earl:  
Of such a stem, a sapling weak,  
He ne'er shall bend, although he break.

## v.

"But see! what makes this armor here?" —  
For in her path there lay  
Targe, corslet, helm; she view'd them near. —  
"The breast-plate pierced! — Ay, much I fear,  
Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's spear,  
That hath made fatal entrance here,  
As these dark blood-gouts say. —  
Thus Wilton! — Oh! not corslet's ward,  
Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,  
Could be thy manly bosom's guard,  
On yon disastrous day!"  
She raised her eyes in mournful mood —  
WILTON himself before her stood!  
It might have seem'd his passing ghost,  
For every youthful grace was lost;  
And joy unwonted, and surprise,  
Gave their strange wildness to his eyes. —  
Expect not, noble dames and lords,  
That I can tell such scene in words:  
What skilful limner e'er would choose  
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,  
Unless to mortal it were given  
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?

Far less can my weak line declare  
Each changing passion's shade ;  
Brightening to rapture from despair,  
Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,  
And joy, with her angelic air,  
And hope, that paints the future fair,  
Their varying hues display'd :  
Each o'er its rival's ground extending,  
Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,  
Till all fatigued, the conflict yield,  
And mighty Love retains the field.  
Shortly I tell what then he said,  
By many a tender word delay'd,  
And modest blush, and bursting sigh,  
And question kind, and fond reply : —

## VI.

## DE WILTON'S HISTORY.

“ Forget we that disastrous day,  
When senseless in the lists I lay.  
Thence dragg'd — but how I cannot know,  
For sense and recollection fled —  
I found me on a pallet low,  
Within my ancient beadsman's shed.  
Austin — remember'st thou, my Clare,  
How thou didst blush, when the old man,  
When first our infant love began,  
Said we would make a matchless pair? —

Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled  
From the degraded traitor's bed -  
He only held my burning head,  
And tended me for many a day,  
While wounds and fever held their sway.  
But far more needful was his care,  
When sense returned to wake despair;  
    For I did tear the closing wound,  
    And dash me frantic on the ground,  
If e'er I heard the name of Clare.  
At length, to calmer reason brought,  
Much by his kind attendance wrought,  
    With him I left my native strand,  
And, in a Palmer's weeds array'd,  
My hated name and form to shade,  
    I journey'd many a land;  
No more a lord of rank and birth,  
But mingled with the dregs of earth.  
    Oft Austin for my reason fear'd,  
When I would sit and deeply brood  
On dark revenge, and deeds of blood,  
    Or wild mad schemes uprear'd.  
My friend at length fell sick, and said,  
    God would remove him soon:  
And, while upon his dying bed,  
    He begg'd of me a boon —  
If e'er my deadliest enemy  
Beneath my brand should conquer'd lie,  
Even then my mercy should awake,  
And spare his life for Austin's sake

## VII.

“ Still restless as a second Cain,  
To Scotland next my route was ta'en,  
Full well the paths I knew.  
Fame of my fate made various sound  
That death in pilgrimage I found,  
That I had perish'd of my wound,  
None cared which tale was true ;  
And living eye could never guess  
De Wilton in his Palmer's dress ;  
For now that sable slough is shed,  
And trimm'd my shaggy beard and head,  
I scarcely know me in the glass.  
A chance most wondrous did provide,  
That I should be that Baron's guide —  
I will not name his name ! —  
Vengeance to God alone belongs,  
But, when I think on all my wrongs,  
My blood is liquid flame !  
And ne'er the time shall I forget,  
When, in a Scottish hostel set,  
Dark looks we did exchange :  
What were his thoughts I cannot tell ;  
But in my bosom muster'd Hell  
Its plans of dark revenge.

## VIII.

“ A word of vulgar augury,  
That broke from me, I scarce knew why,

Brought on a village tale ;  
Which wrought upon his moody sprite,  
And sent him armèd forth by night.

I borrow'd steed and mail,  
And weapons, from his sleeping band ;  
And, passing from a postern door,  
We met, and 'countered hand to hand —  
He fell on Gifford moor.

For the death-stroke my brand I drew  
(O then my helmed head he knew,  
The Palmer's cowl was gone),  
Then had three inches of my blade  
The heavy debt of vengeance paid —  
My hand the thought of Austin staid :

I left him there alone. —

O good old man ! even from the grave  
Thy spirit could thy master save :  
If I had slain my foeman, ne'er  
Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear,  
Given to my hand this packet dear,  
Of power to clear my injured fame,  
And vindicate De Wilton's name. —  
Perchance you heard the Abbess tell  
Of the strange pageantry of Hell,

That broke our secret speech —  
It rose from the infernal shade,  
Or featly was some juggle play'd,

A tale of peace to teach.

Appeal to Heaven I judged was best,  
When my name came among the rest,

## IX.

“ Now here, within Tantallon Hold,  
To Douglas late my tale I told,  
To whom my house was known of old.  
Won by my proofs, his falchion bright  
This eve anew shall dub me knight.  
These were the arms that once did turn  
The tide of fight on Otterburne,  
And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,  
When the Dead Douglas won the field.  
These Angus gave — his armorer’s care,  
Ere morn shall every breach repair ;  
For nought, he said, was in his halls,  
But ancient armor on the walls,  
And aged chargers in the stalls,  
And women, priests, and grey-haired men ;  
The rest were all in Twisel glen.  
And now I watch my armor here,  
By law of arms, till midnight’s near ;  
Then, once again a belted knight,  
Seek Surrey’s camp with dawn of light.

## X.

“ There soon again we meet, my Clare !  
This Baron means to guide thee there :  
Douglas reveres his King’s command,  
Else would he take thee from his band.  
And there thy kinsman, Surrey, too,  
Will give De Wilton justice due.

Now meeter far for martial broil,  
Firmer my limbs, and strung by toil,  
Once more " — " O Wilton ! must we then  
Risk new-found happiness again,  
Trust fate of arms once more?  
And is there not an humble glen,  
Where we, content and poor,  
Might build a cottage in the shade,  
A shepherd thou, and I to aid  
Thy task on dale and moor? —  
That reddening brow ! — too well I know,  
Not even thy Clare can peace bestow,  
While falsehood stains thy name ;  
Go then to fight ! Clare bids thee go !  
Clare can a warrior's feelings know,  
And weep a warrior's shame ;  
Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,  
Buckle the spurs upon thy heel,  
And belt thee with thy brand of steel,  
And send thee forth to fame !"

## XI.

That night, upon the rocks and bay,  
The midnight moon-beam slumbering lay,  
And pour'd its silver light, and pure,  
Through loop-hole, and through embrasure,  
Upon Tantallon tower and hall ;  
But chief where archèd windows wide  
Illuminate the chapel's pride,  
The sober glances fall.



Much was their need ; though seam'd with  
scars,

Two veterans of the Douglas' wars,

Though two grey priests were there,  
And each a blazing torch held high,  
You could not by their blaze descry

The chapel's carving fair.

Amid that dim and smoky light,  
Chequering the silver moonshine bright,

A bishop by the altar stood,

A noble lord of Douglas blood,  
With mitre sheen, and rocquet white.

Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye  
But little pride of prelacy ;

More pleased that, in a barbarous age,

He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,

Than that beneath his rule he held

The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.

Beside him ancient Angus stood,

Doff'd his furr'd gown and sable hood :

O'er his huge form and visage pale,

He wore a cap and shirt of mail ;

And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand

Upon the huge and sweeping brand

Which wont of yore, in battle fray,

His foeman's limbs to shred away,

As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.

He seem'd as, from the tombs around

Rising at judgment-day:

Some giant Douglas may be found  
In all his old array ;  
So pale his face, so huge his limb,  
So old his arms, his looks so grim.

## XII.

Then at the altar Wilton kneels,  
And Clare the spurs bound on his heels ;  
And think what next he must have felt,  
At buckling of the falchion belt !  
And judge how Clara changed her hue,  
While fastening to her lover's side  
A friend, which, though in danger tried,  
He once had found untrue !  
Then Douglas struck him with his blade :  
“ Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,  
I dub thee knight.  
Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir !  
For King, for Church, for Lady fair,  
See that thou fight.” —  
And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,  
Said — “ Wilton ! grieve not for thy woes,  
Disgrace, and trouble ;  
For He, who honor best bestows,  
May give thee double.”  
De Wilton sobb'd, for sob he must —  
‘ Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust  
That Douglas is my brother ! ’ —

“Nay, nay,” old Angus said, “not so;  
To Surrey’s camp thou now must go,  
Thy wrongs no longer smother.  
I have two sons in yonder field;  
And, if thou meet’st them under shield,  
Upon them bravely — do thy worst;  
And foul fall him that blenches first!”

## XIII.

Not far advanced was morning day,  
When Marmion did his troop array  
To Surrey’s camp to ride;  
He had safe-conduct for his band,  
Beneath the royal seal and hand,  
And Douglas gave a guide:  
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,  
Would Clara on her palfrey place,  
And whisper’d in an under tone,  
“Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.” —  
The train from out the castle drew,  
But Marmion stopp’d to bid adieu: —  
“Though something I might plain,” he  
said,  
“Of cold respect to stranger guest,  
Sent hither by your King’s behest,  
While in Tantallon’s towers I staid;  
Part we in friendship from your land,  
And, noble Earl, receive my hand.” —

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,  
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke : —  
“ My manors, halls, and bowers shall still  
Be open, at my Sovereign’s will,  
To each one whom he lists, howe’er  
Unmeet to be the owner’s peer.  
My castles are my King’s alone,  
From turret to foundation-stone —  
The hand of Douglas is his own ;  
And never shall in friendly grasp  
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.” —

## XIV.

Burn’d Marmion’s swarthy cheek like fire  
And shook his very frame for ire,  
And — “ This to me ! ” he said —  
“ An ’twere not for thy hoary beard,  
Such hand as Marmion’s had not spared  
To cleave the Douglas’ head !  
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,  
He, who does England’s message here,  
Although the meanest in her state,  
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate :  
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,  
Even in thy pitch of pride,  
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near  
(Nay, never look upon your lord,  
And lay your hands upon your sword),  
I tell thee, thou’rt defied !

And if thou said'st I am not peer  
To any lord in Scotland here,  
Lowland or Highland, far or near,  
    Lord Angus, thou hast lied ! ”  
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage  
O'ercame the ashen hue of age :  
Fierce he broke forth — “ And darest thou, then,  
To beard the lion in his den,  
    The Douglas in his hall ?  
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go ? —  
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no !  
Up drawbridge, grooms — what, Warder, ho !  
    Let the portcullis fall. ”  
Lord Marmion turn'd — well was his need,  
And dash'd the rowels in his steed,  
Like arrow through the archway sprung,  
The ponderous grate behind him rung :  
To pass there was such scanty room,  
The bars, descending, razed his plume

## XV.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,  
Just as it trembled on the rise ;  
Nor lighter does the swallow skim  
Along the smooth lake's level brim .  
And when Lord Marmion reach'd his band,  
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,  
And shout of loud defiance pours,  
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

“Horse! horse!” the Douglas cried, “and  
chase!”

But soon he reign'd his fury's pace :  
“A royal messenger he came,  
Though most unworthy of the name. —  
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!  
Did ever knight so foul a deed!  
At first in heart it liked me ill,  
When the King praised his clerkly skill.  
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,  
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line,  
So swore I, and I swear it still,  
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill. —  
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!  
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,  
I thought to slay him where he stood.  
’T is pity of him too,” he cried :  
“Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,  
I warrant him a warrior tried.”  
With this his mandate he recalls,  
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

XVI.

The day in Marmion's journey wore ;  
Yet, ere his passion's gust was o'er,  
They crossed the heights of Stanrig-moor,  
His troop more closely there he scann'd,  
And miss'd the Palmer from the band. —

“Palmer or not,” young Blount did say,  
“He parted at the peep of day;  
Good sooth, it was in strange array.”  
“In what array?” said Marmion, quick.  
“My lord, I ill can spell the trick;  
But all night long, with clink and bang,  
Close to my couch did hammers clang;  
At dawn the falling drawbridge rang.  
And from a loop-hole while I peep,  
Old Bell-the-Cat came from the Keep,  
Wrapp’d in a gown of sables fair,  
As fearful of the morning air;  
Beneath, when that was blown aside,  
A rusty shirt of mail I spied,  
By Archibald won in bloody work,  
Against the Saracen and Turk:  
Last night it hung not in the hall;  
I thought some marvel would befall.  
And next I saw them saddled lead  
Old Cheviot forth, the Earl’s best steed;  
A matchless horse, though something old,  
Prompt in his paces, cool and bold.  
I heard the Sheriff Sholto say,  
The Earl did much the Master pray  
To use him on the battle-day;  
But he preferr’d” — “Nay, Henry, cease!  
Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace.—  
Eustace, thou bear’st a brain — I pray  
What did Blount see at break of day?” —

## XVII.

“ In brief, my lord, we both descried  
(For then I stood by Henry’s side)  
The Palmer mount, and outwards ride,  
Upon the Earl’s own favorite steed ·  
All sheathed he was in armor bright,  
And much resembled that same knight  
Subdued by you in Cotswold fight :

Lord Angus wish’d him speed.” —  
The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,  
A sudden light on Marmion broke ; —  
“ Ah ! dastard fool, to reason lost ! ”  
He mutter’d ; “ ’t was nor fay nor ghost  
I met upon the moonlight wold,  
But living man of earthy mould. —

O dotage blind and gross !  
Had I but fought as wont, one thrust  
Had laid De Wilton in the dust,  
My path no more to cross. —  
How stand we now ? — he told his tale  
To Douglas ; and with some avail ;

’T was therefore gloom’d his rugged brow. —  
Will Surrey dare to entertain,  
’Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and vain ?  
Small risk of that, I trow.

Yet Clare’s sharp questions must I shun ;  
Must separate Constance from the Nun —  
O, what a tangled web we weave,  
When first we practise to deceive !



A Palmer too ! — no wonder why  
I felt rebuked beneath his eye :  
I might have known there was but one  
Whose look could quell Lord Marmion."

## XVIII.

Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed  
His troop, and reach'd, at eve, the Tweed,  
Where Lennel's convent closed their march.  
(There now is left but one frail arch ;  
Yet mourn thou not its cells ;  
Our time a fair exchange has made ;  
Hard by, in hospitable shade,  
A reverend pilgrim dwells,  
Well worth the whole Bernardine brood,  
That e'er wore sandal, frock, or hood.)  
Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there  
Give Marmion entertainment fair,  
And lodging for his train and Clare.  
Next morn the Baron climb'd the tower,  
To view afar the Scottish power,  
Encamp'd on Flodden edge :  
The white pavilions made a show,  
Like remnants of the winter snow,  
Along the dusky ridge.  
Lord Marmion look'd : — at length his eye  
Unusual movement might descry  
Amid the shifting lines :

The Scottish host drawn out appears,  
For, flashing on the hedge of spears  
The eastern sunbeam shines.  
Their front, now deepening, now extending ;  
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,  
Now drawing back, and now descending,  
The skilful Marmion well could know,  
They watch'd the motions of some foe,  
Who traversed on the plain below.

## XIX.

Even so it was. From Flodden ridge  
The Scots beheld the English host  
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,  
And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd  
The Till by Twisel Bridge.  
High sight it is, and haughty, while  
They dive into the deep defile ;  
Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,  
Beneath the castle's airy wall.  
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,  
Troop after troop are disappearing ;  
Troop after troop their banners rearing,  
Upon the eastern bank you see.  
Still pouring down the rocky den,  
Where flows the sullen Till,  
And rising from the dim-wood glen,  
Standards on standards, men on men,  
In slow succession still,

And, sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,  
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,  
    To gain the opposing hill.  
That morn, to many a trumpet clang,  
Twisel! thy rocks deep echo rang;  
And many a chief of birth and rank,  
Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.  
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see  
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,  
Had then from many an axe its doom,  
To give the marching columns room.

## XX.

And why stands Scotland idly now,  
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,  
Since England gains the pass the while,  
And struggles through the deep defile?  
What checks the fiery soul of James?  
Why sits that champion of the dames  
    Inactive on his steed,  
And sees, between him and his land,  
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,  
    His host Lord Surrey lead?  
What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand? —  
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!  
    Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!  
O for one hour of Wallace wight,  
Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule the fight,  
And cry — “ Saint Andrew and our right ! ”

Another sight had seen that morn,  
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,  
And Flodden had been Bannockbourne! —  
The precious hour has passed in vain,  
And England's host has gain'd the plain;  
Wheeling their march, and circling still,  
Around the base of Flodden hill.

## XXI.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,  
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,  
“Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!  
And see, ascending squadrons come  
Between Tweed's river and the hill,  
Foot, horse, and cannon: — hap what hap,  
My basnet to a prentice cap,  
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!  
Yet more! yet more! — how far array'd  
They file from out the hawthorn shade,  
And sweep so gallant by:  
With all their banners bravely spread,  
And all their armor flashing high,  
St. George might waken from the dead,  
To see fair England's standards fly.” —  
“Stint in thy prate,” quoth Blount, “thou'dst  
best,  
And listen to our lord's behest.” —  
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said —  
“This instant be our band array'd;

The river must be quickly cross'd,  
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.  
If fight King James — as well I trust,  
That fight he will, and fight he must —  
The Lady Clare behind our lines  
Shall tarry, while the battle joins."

## XXII.

Himself he swift on horseback threw,  
Scarce to the Abbott bade adieu ;  
Far less would listen to his prayer,  
To leave behind the helpless Clare.  
Down to the Tweed his band he drew,  
And mutter'd, as the flood they view,  
" The pheasant in the falcon's claw  
He scarce will yield to please a daw :  
Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,  
So Clare shall bide with me."  
Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,  
Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,  
He ventured desperately :  
And not a moment will he bide,  
Till squire or groom before him ride ;  
Headmost of all he stems the tide ;  
And stems it gallantly.  
Eustace held Clare upon her horse,  
Old Hubert led her rein,  
Stoutly they braved the current's course,

And, though far downward driven per force,  
The southern bank they gain ;  
Behind them, straggling. came to shore,  
As best they might, the train :  
Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore,  
A caution not in vain ;  
Deep need that day that every string,  
By wet unharm'd, should sharply ring.  
A moment then Lord Marmion staid,  
And breathed his steed, his men array'd,  
Then forward moved his band,  
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,  
He halted by a Cross of Stone,  
That, on a hillock standing lone,  
Did all the field command.

## XXIII.

Hence might they see the full array  
Of either host, for deadly fray :  
Their marshall'd lines stretch'd east and west,  
And fronted north and south,  
And distant salutation pass'd  
From the loud cannon mouth ;  
Not in the close successive rattle,  
That breathes the voice of modern battle,  
But slow and far between. —  
The hillock gain'd, Lord Marmion staid :  
“ Here, by this Cross,” he gently said,  
“ You well may view the scene.

Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare :  
O ! think of Marmion in thy prayer !  
Thou wilt not ? — well — no less my care  
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare. —  
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,  
    With ten pick'd archers of my train ;  
With England if the day go hard,  
    To Berwick speed amain. —  
But if we conquer, cruel maid,  
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,  
    When here we meet again.”  
He waited not for answer there,  
And would not mark the maid's despair,  
    Nor heed the discontented look  
From either squire ; but spurr'd amain,  
And, dashing through the battle plain,  
    His way to Surrey took.

## XXIV.

“ — The good Lord Marmion, by my life !  
    Welcome to danger's hour !  
Short greeting serves in time of strife !  
    Thus have I ranged my power : —  
Myself will rule this central host,  
    Stout Stanley fronts their right,  
My sons command the vaward post,  
    With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight,  
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,  
    Shall be in rear-ward of the fight,

And succor those that need it most.

Now, gallant Marmion, well I know

Would gladly to the vanguard go;

Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,

With thee their charge will blithely share;

There fight thine own retainers too,

Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."

"Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said,

Nor farther greeting there he paid;

But, parting like a thunderbolt,

First in the vanguard made a halt,

Where such a snout there rose

Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry,

Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,

Startled the Scottish foes.

XXV.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still

With Lady Clare upon the hill!

On which (for far the day was spent)

The western sunbeams now were bent.

The cry they heard, its meaning knew,

Could plain their distant comrades view;

Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,

"Unworthy office here to stay!

No hope of gilded spurs to-day. —

But see! look up — on Flodden bent

The Scottish foe has fired his tent."

And sudden, as he spoke,



From the sharp ridges of the hill,  
All downward to the banks of Till,  
Was wreathed in sable smoke.  
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,  
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,  
As down the hill they broke !  
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,  
Announced their march ; their tread alone,  
At times one warning trumpet blown,  
At times a stifled hum,  
Told England, from his mountain-throne  
King James did rushing come. —  
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,  
Until at weapon-point they close. —  
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,  
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust ;  
And such a yell was there,  
Of sudden and portentous birth,  
As if men fought upon the earth,  
And fiends in upper air ;  
O life and death were in the shout,  
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,  
And triumph and despair.

## XXVI.

Long look'd the anxious squires ; their eye  
Could in the darkness nought descry.  
At length the freshening western blast  
Aside the shroud of battle cast ;

And, first, the ridge of mingled spears  
Above the brightening cloud appears ;  
And in the smoke the pennons flew,  
As in the storm the white sea-mew.  
Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,  
The broken billows of the war,  
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,  
Floating like foam upon the wave ;

But nought distinct they see :  
Wide raged the battle on the plain ;  
Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain ;  
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;  
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,  
Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high  
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly :  
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,  
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,  
Still bear them bravely in the fight ;

Although against them come  
Of gallant Gordons many a one,  
And many a stubborn Highlandman,  
And many a rugged Border clan,  
With Huntly, and with Home.

## XXVII.

Far on the left, unseen the while,  
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle :

Though there the western mountaineer  
Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,  
And flung the feeble targe aside,  
And with both hands the broadsword plied.  
'Twas vain : — But Fortune, on the right,  
With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight.  
Then fell that spotless banner white,

    The Howard's lion fell ;  
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew  
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew  
    Around the battle-yell.

The Border slogan rent the sky !  
A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry :  
    Loud were the clanging blows ;  
Advanced, — forced back, — now low, now high,  
    The pennon sunk and rose ;  
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,  
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,  
    It waver'd mid the foes.

No longer Blount the view could bear ;  
“ By Heaven, and all its saints ! I swear  
    I will not see it lost !  
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare  
May bid your beads, and patter prayer —  
    I gallop to the host.”

And to the fray he rode amain,  
Follow'd by all the archer train.  
The fiery youth with desperate charge  
Made, for a space, an opening large —  
    The rescued banner rose —

But darkly closed the war around,  
Like pine-tree rooted from the ground,  
    It sunk among the foes.  
Then Eustace mounted too : — yet staid,  
As loth to leave the helpless maid,  
    When, fast as shaft can fly,  
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,  
The loose reign dangling from his head,  
Housing and saddle bloody red,  
    Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by ;  
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,  
    A look and sign to Clara cast  
    To mark he would return in haste,  
Then plunged into the fight.

## XXVIII.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,  
    Left in that dreadful hour alone :  
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels ;  
    Perchance a courage, not her own,  
    Braces her mind to desperate tone. —  
The scatter'd van of England wheels : —  
    She only said, as loud in air  
    The tumult roar'd, “ Is Wilton there ? ”  
    They fly, or, madden'd by despair,  
    Fight but to die — “ Is Wilton there ? ”  
With that, straight up the hill there rode  
    Two horsemen drenched with gore,  
And in their arms, a helpless load,  
    A wounded knight they bore.

His hand still strain'd the broken brand ;  
His arms were smear'd with blood and sand.  
Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,  
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,  
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,  
Can that be haughty Marmion ! . . .  
Young Blount his armor did unlace,  
And, gazing on his ghastly face,  
Said — “ By Saint George, he 's gone !  
That spear-wound has our master sped,  
And see the deep cut on his head !  
Good-night to Marmion ! ” —  
“ Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling cease :  
He opes his eyes,” said Eustace ; “ peace ! ”

## XXIX.

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,  
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare : —  
“ Where 's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where ?  
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !  
Redeem my pennon — charge again !  
Cry — ‘ Marmion to the rescue ! ’ — Vain !  
Last of my race, on battle-plain  
That shout shall ne'er be heard again !  
Yet my last thought is England's — fly,  
To Dacre bear my signet ring :  
Tell him his squadrons up to bring. —  
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie :

Tunstall lies dead upon the field,  
His life-blood stains the spotless shield.  
Edmund is down : — my life is reft ;  
The Admiral alone is left.  
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire —  
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,  
Full upon Scotland's central host,  
Or victory and England's lost. —  
Must I bid twice? — hence, varlets ! fly !  
Leave Marmion here alone — to die.”  
They parted, and alone he lay ;  
Clare drew her from the sight away,  
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,  
And half he murmur'd — “ Is there none,  
Of all my halls have nurst,  
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring  
Of blessed water from the spring,  
To slake my dying thirst? ”

## XXX.

O, Woman ! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made ;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou ! —  
Scarce were the piteous accents said,  
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid

To the nigh streamlet ran :  
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;  
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,  
     Sees but the dying man.  
 She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,  
     But in abhorrence backward drew ;  
 For, oozing from the mountain's side,  
 Where raged the war, a dark-red tide  
     Was curdling in the streamlet blue.  
 Where shall she turn? — behold her mark  
     A little fountain cell,  
 Where water, clear as diamond-spark,  
     In a stone basin fell.  
 Above, some half-worn letters say,  
 Drink . weary . pilgrim . drink . and . pray .  
 For . the . kind . soul . of . Sybil . Grey .  
     Who . built . this . cross . and . well .  
 She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,  
 And with surprise and joy espied  
     A Monk supporting Marmion's head :  
 A pious man, whom duty brought,  
 To dubious verge of battle fought,  
     To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

## XXXI.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,  
 And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave —

“Is it the hand of Clare,” he said,  
“Or injured Constance, bathes my head?”

Then, as remembrance rose —

“Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!

I must redress her woes.

Short space, few words, are mine to spare;

Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!” —

“Alas!” she said, “the while —

O, think of your immortal weal!

In vain for Constance is your zeal;

She — died at Holy Isle.” —

Lord Marmion started from the ground,

As light as if he felt no wound;

Though in the action burst the tide,

In torrents, from his wounded side.”

“Then it was truth” — he said — “I **knew**

That the dark pressage must be true. —

I would the Fiend, to whom belongs

The vengeance due to all her wrongs,

Would spare me but a day!

For wasting fire, and dying groan,

And priests slain on the altar-stone,

Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be! — this dizzy trance —

Curse on yon base marauder’s lance,

And doubly cursed my failing brand!

A sinful heart makes feeble hand.”

Then, fainting, down on earth he **sunk**,

Supported by the trembling Monk.



## XXXII.

With fruitless labor Clara bound,  
And strove to stanch the gushing wound ;  
The Monk, with unavailing cares,  
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.  
Ever, he said, that, close and near,  
A lady's voice was in his ear,  
And that the priest he could not hear,  
For that she ever sung,  
*" In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,  
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of  
the dying ! "*

So the notes rung ; —  
" Avoid thee, Fiend ! — with cruel hand,  
Shake not the dying sinner's sand ! —  
O, look, my son, upon yon sign  
Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;  
O, think on faith and bliss ! —  
By many a death-bed I have been,  
And many a sinner's parting seen,  
But never aught like this." —  
The war, that for a space did fail,  
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,  
And — STANLEY ! was the cry ;  
A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
And fired his glazing eye ;  
With dying hand, above his head,  
He shook the fragment of his blade,  
And shouted " Victory ! —

Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!™  
Were the last words of Marmion.

## XXXIII.

By this, though deep the evening fell,  
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,  
For still the Scots, around their King,  
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.  
Where's now their victor vaward wing,  
Where Huntly, and where Home? —  
O, for a blast of that dread horn,  
On Fontarabian echoes borne,  
That to King Charles did come,  
When Rowland brave, and Oliver,  
And every paladin and peer,  
On Roncesvalles died!  
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,  
To quit the plunder of the slain,  
And turn the doubtful day again,  
While yet on Flodden side,  
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,  
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,  
Our Caledonian pride!  
In vain the wish — for far away,  
While spoil and havoc mark their way,  
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray. —  
“O, Lady,” cried the Monk, “away!”  
And placed her on her steed,

And led her to the chapel fair,  
Of Tillmouth upon Tweed.  
There all the night they spent in prayer,  
And at the dawn of morning, there  
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

## XXXIV.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,  
More desperate grew the strife of death.  
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,  
In headlong charge their horse assail'd ;  
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep  
To break the Scottish circle deep,  
That fought around their King.  
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,  
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,  
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,  
Unbroken was the ring ;  
The stubborn spear-men still made good  
Their dark impenetrable wood,  
Each stepping where his comrade stood,  
The instant that he fell.  
No thought was there of dastard flight ;  
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,  
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,  
As fearlessly and well ;  
Till utter darkness closed her wing  
O'er their thin host and wounded King.

Then skilful Surrey's sage commands  
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands ;  
And from the charge they drew,  
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,  
Sweep back to ocean blue.  
Then did their loss his foeman know ;  
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,  
They melted from the field as snow,  
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,  
Dissolves in silent dew.  
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless splash,  
While many a broken band,  
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,  
To gain the Scottish land ;  
To town and tower, to down and dale,  
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,  
And raise the universal wail.  
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,  
Shall many an age that wail prolong :  
Still from the sire the son shall hear  
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,  
Of Flodden's fatal field,  
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear  
And broken was her shield !

## XXXV.

Day dawns upon the mountain's side : —  
There, Scotland ! lay thy bravest pride,

Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one :  
The sad survivors all are gone. —  
View not that corpse mistrustfully,  
Defaced and mangled though it be ;  
Nor to yon Border Castle high,  
Look northward with upbraiding eye ;  
Nor cherish hope in vain,  
That, journeying far on foreign strand,  
The Royal Pilgrim to his land  
May yet return again.  
He saw the wreck his rashness wrought ;  
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,  
And fell on Flodden plain ;  
And well in death his trusty brand,  
Firm clench'd within his manly hand,  
Beseem'd the monarch slain.  
But, O ! how changed since yon blithe night ! —  
Gladly I turn me from the sight,  
Unto my tale again.

## XXXVI.

Short is my tale : — Fitz-Eustace' care  
A pierced and mangled body bare  
To moated Lichfield's lofty pile ;  
And there, beneath the southern aisle,  
A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,  
Did long Lord Marmion's image bear.  
(Now vainly for its sight you look ;

'T was levell'd when fanatic Brook  
The fair cathedral storm'd and took ;  
But, thanks to Heaven and good Saint Chad,  
A guerdon meet the spoiler had ! )  
There erst was martial Marmion found,  
His feet upon a couchant hound,  
    His hands to heaven upraised ;  
And all around, on scutcheon rich,  
And tablet carved, and fretted niche,  
    His arms and feats were blazed.  
And yet, though all was carved so fair,  
And priest for Marmion breathed the prayer,  
The last Lord Marmion lay not there.  
From Ettrick woods a peasant swain  
Follow'd his lord to Flodden plain —  
One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay  
In Scotland mourns as “ wede away : ”  
Sore wounded, Sybil's Cross he spied,  
And dragg'd him to its foot, and died,  
Close by the noble Marmion's side.  
The spoilers stripp'd and gash'd the slain,  
And thus their corpses were mista'en ;  
And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb,  
The lowly woodsman took the room

## XXXVII.

Less easy task it were, to show  
Lord Marmion's nameless grave, and low.  
    They dug his grave e'en where he lay,

But every mark is gone ;  
Time's wasting hand has done away  
The simple Cross of Sybil Grey,  
And broke her font of stone :  
But yet from out the little hill  
Oozes the slender springlet still.  
Oft halts the stranger there,  
For thence may best his curious eye  
The memorable field descry ;  
And shepherd boys repair  
To seek the water-flag and rush,  
And rest them by the hazel bush,  
And plait their garlands fair ;  
Nor dream they sit upon the grave  
That holds the bones of Marmion brave. —  
When thou shalt find the little hill,  
With thy heart commune, and be still.  
If ever, in temptation strong,  
Thou left'st the right path for the wrong ;  
If every devious step, thus trod,  
Still led thee further from the road ;  
Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom  
On noble Marmion's lowly tomb ;  
But say, " He died a gallant knight,  
With sword in hand, for England's right."

## XXXVIII.

I do not rhyme to that dull elf,  
Who cannot image to himself,

That all through Flodden's dismal night,  
Wilton was foremost in the fight ;  
That, when brave Surry's steed was slain,  
'T was Wilton mounted him again ;  
'T was Wilton's brand that deepest hew'd  
Amid the spearman's stubborn wood ;  
Unnamed by Hollinshed or Hall,  
He was the living soul of all ;  
That, after fight, his faith made plain,  
He won his rank and lands again ;  
And charged his old paternal shield  
With bearings won on Flodden Field.  
Nor sing I to that simple maid,  
To whom it must in terms be said,  
That King and kinsmen did agree,  
To bless fair Clara's constancy ;  
Who cannot, unless I relate,  
Paint to her mind the bridal's state ;  
That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,  
More, Sands, and Denny, pass'd the joke ;  
That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,  
And Catherine's hand the stocking threw ;  
And afterwards, for many a day,  
That it was held enough to say,  
In blessing to a wedded pair,  
" Love they like Wilton and like Clare !"



## L'ENVOY.

TO THE READER.

WHY then a final note prolong,  
Or lengthen out a closing song,  
Unless to bid the gentles speed,  
Who long have listed to my rede?  
To Statesmen grave, if such may deign  
To read the Minstrel's idle strain,  
Sound head, clean hand, and piercing wit,  
And patriotic heart — as PITT!  
A garland for the hero's crest,  
And twined by her he loves the best;  
To every lovely lady bright,  
What can I wish but faithful knight?  
To every faithful lover too,  
What can I wish but lady true?  
And knowledge to the studious sage;  
And pillow to the head of age.  
To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay  
Has cheated of thy hour of play,  
Light task, and merry holiday!  
To all, to each, a fair good night,  
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!

## NOTES.

*"He scatter'd angels round,"* p. 186. — Gold coin of the period, worth about 10s.

*"The victor shore,"* p. 238. — An allusion to the battle of Copenhagen, 1801.

*"Archibald Bell-the-Cat,"* p. 278. — Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, a man remarkable for strength of body and mind, acquired the popular name of Bell-the-Cat upon the following remarkable occasion: — James the Third, of whom Pitscottie complains that he delighted more in music, and "policies of building," than in hunting, hawking, and other noble exercises, was so ill advised as to make favorites of his architects and musicians, whom the same historian irreverently terms masons and fiddlers. His nobility, who did not sympathize in the King's respect for the fine arts, were extremely incensed at the honors conferred on those persons, particularly on Cochrane, a mason, who had been created Earl of Mar; and seizing the opportunity when, in 1482, the King had convoked the whole array of the country to march against the English, they held a midnight council in the church of Lauder, for the purpose of forcibly removing these minions from the King's person. When all had agreed on the propriety of this measure, Lord Gray told the assembly the apologue of the Mice, who had formed a resolution that it would be highly advantageous to their community to tie a bell round the cat's neck, that they might hear her approach at a distance; but which public measure unfortunately miscarried, from no mouse being willing to undertake the task of fastening the bell. "I understand the moral," said Angus, "and that what we propose may not lack execution, I will *bell-the-cat.*"





# HENRY ALTEMUS' PUBLICATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**STEPHEN. A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS**, by Florence Morse Kingsley, author of "Titus, a Comrade of the Cross." "Since Ben-Hur no story has so vividly portrayed the times of Christ."—*The Bookseller*. Cloth, 12mo., 369 pages. \$1.25.

**PAUL. A HERALD OF THE CROSS**, by Florence Morse Kingsley. "A vivid and picturesque narrative of the life and times of the great Apostle." Cloth, ornamental, 12mo., 450 pages, \$1.50

**VIC. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FOX TERRIER**, by Marie More Marsh. "A fitting companion to that other wonderful book, 'Black Beauty.'" Cloth, 12mo., 50 cents.

**WOMAN'S WORK IN THE HOME**, by Archdeacon Farrar. Cloth, small 18mo., 50 cents.

**THE APOCRYPHAL BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT**, being the gospels and epistles used by the followers of Christ in the first three centuries after his death, and rejected by the Council of Nice, A. D. 325. Cloth, 8vo., illustrated, \$2.00.

**THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS**, as *John Bunyan wrote it*. A fac-simile reproduction of the first edition, published in 1678. Antique cloth, 12mo., \$1.25.

**THE FAIREST OF THE FAIR**, by Hildegarde Hawthorne. "The grand-daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne possesses a full share of his wonderful genius." Cloth, 16mo., \$1.25

**A LOVER IN HOMESPUN**, by F. Clifford Smith. Interesting tales of adventure and home life in Canada. Cloth. 12mo., 75 cents.

**ANNIE BESANT: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY**. Cloth, 12mo., 368 pages, illustrated. \$2.00.

**THE GRAMMAR OF PALMISTRY**, by Katharine St. Hill. Cloth, 12mo., illustrated, 75 cents.

**AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES**. Contains over 100 photographs of the most famous places and edifices with descriptive text. Cloth, 50 cents.

**WHAT WOMEN SHOULD KNOW**. A woman's book about women. By Mrs. E. B. Duffy. Cloth, 320 pages, 75 cents.

HENRY ALTEMUS' PUBLICATIONS.

---

ALTEMUS' YOUNG PEOPLES' LIBRARY

PRICE FIFTY CENTS EACH.

---

**ROBINSON CRUSOE:** (Chiefly in words of one syllable). His life and strange, surprising adventures, with 70 beautiful illustrations by Walter Paget.

**ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND,** with 42 illustrations by John Tenniel. "The most delightful of children's stories. Elegant and delicious nonsense."  
—*Saturday Review*.

**THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS AND WHAT ALICE FOUND THERE;** a companion to "Alice in Wonderland," with 50 illustrations by John Tenniel.

**BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,** with 50 full page and text illustrations.

**A CHILD'S STORY OF THE BIBLE,** with 72 full page illustrations.

**A CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST,** with 49 illustrations. God has implanted in the infant heart a desire to hear of Jesus, and children are early attracted and sweetly riveted by the wonderful Story of the Master from the Manger to the Throne.

**SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON,** with 50 illustrations. The father of the family tells the tale of the vicissitudes through which he and his wife and children pass, the wonderful discoveries made and dangers encountered. The book is full of interest and instruction.

**CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA,** with 70 illustrations. Every American boy and girl should be acquainted with the story of the life of the great discoverer, with its struggles, adventures, and trials.

**THE STORY OF EXPLORATION AND DISCOVERY IN AFRICA,** with 80 illustrations. Records the experiences of adventures and discoveries in developing the "Dark Continent," from the early days of Bruce and Mungo Park down to Livingstone and Stanley, and the heroes of our own times. No present can be more acceptable than such a volume as this, where courage, intrepidity, resource, and devotion are so admirably mingled.

## HENRY ALTEMUS' PUBLICATIONS.

---

### Altemus' Young Peoples' Library—continued.

---

**THE FABLES OF ÆSOP.** Compiled from the best accepted sources. With 62 illustrations. The fables of Æsop are among the very earliest compositions of this kind, and probably have never been surpassed for point and brevity.

**GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.** Adapted for young readers. With 50 illustrations.

**MOTHER GOOSE'S RHYMES, JINGLES AND FAIRY TALES,** with 234 illustrations.

**LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.** by Prescott Holmes. With portraits of the Presidents and also of the unsuccessful candidates for the office; as well as the ablest of the Cabinet officers. It is just the book for intelligent boys, and it will help to make them intelligent and patriotic citizens.

**THE STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FROZEN SEAS,** with 70 illustrations. By Prescott Holmes. We have here brought together the records of the attempts to reach the North Pole. The book shows how much can be accomplished by steady perseverance and indomitable pluck.

**ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY,** by the Rev. J. G. Wood, with 85 illustrations. This author has done more to popularize the study of natural history than any other writer. The illustrations are striking and life-like.

**A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND,** by Charles Dickens, with 50 illustrations. Tired of listening to his children memorize the twaddle of old fashioned English history the author covered the ground in his own peculiar and happy style for his own children's use. When the work was published its success was instantaneous.

**BLACK BEAUTY, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HORSE,** by Anna Sewell, with 50 illustrations. A work sure to educate boys and girls to treat with kindness all members of the animal kingdom. Recognized as the greatest story of animal life extant.

**THE ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS,** with 130 illustrations. Contains the most favorably known of the stories.

## HENRY ALTEMUS' PUBLICATIONS.

### ALTEMUS' DEVOTIONAL SERIES.

Standard Religious Literature Appropriately Bound in  
Handy Volume Size. Each Volume contains  
Illuminated Title, Portrait of Author  
and Appropriate Illustrations.

*WHITE VELLUM, SILVER AND MONOTINT,  
BOXED, EACH FIFTY CENTS.*

- 1 **KEPT FOR THE MASTER'S USE**, by Frances Ridley Havergal. "Will perpetuate her name."
- 2 **MY KING AND HIS SERVICE, OR DAILY THOUGHTS FOR THE KING'S CHILDREN**, by Frances Ridley Havergal. "Simple, tender, gentle, and full of Christian love."
- 3 **MY POINT OF VIEW**. Selections from the works of Professor Henry Drummond.
- 4 **OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST**, by Thomas A Kempis. "With the exception of the Bible it is probably the book most read in Christian literature."
- 5 **ADDRESSES**, by Professor Henry Drummond. "Intelligent sympathy with the Christian's need."
- 6 **NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD**, by Professor Henry Drummond. "A most notable book which has earned for the author a world-wide reputation."
- 7 **ADDRESSES**, by the Rev. Phillips Brooks. "Has exerted a marked influence over the rising generation."
- 8 **ABIDE IN CHRIST**. Thoughts on the Blessed Life of Fellowship with the Son of God. By the Rev. Andrew Murray. It cannot fail to stimulate and cheer.—*Spurgeon*.
- 9 **LIKE CHRIST**. Thoughts on the Blessed Life of Conformity to the Son of God. By the Rev. Andrew Murray. A sequel to "Abide in Christ." "May be read with comfort and edification by all."
- 10 **WITH CHRIST IN THE SCHOOL OF PRAYER**, by the Rev. Andrew Murray. "The best work on prayer in the language."



## HENRY ALTEMUS' PUBLICATIONS.

- 11 **HOLY IN CHRIST.** Thoughts on the Calling of God's Children to be Holy as He is Holy. By the Rev. Andrew Murray. "This sacred theme is treated Scripturally and robustly without spurious sentimentalism."
- 12 **THE MANLINESS OF CHRIST,** by Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School Days," etc. "Evidences of the sublimest courage and manliness in the boyhood, ministry, and in the last acts of Christ's life."
- 13 **ADDRESSES TO YOUNG MEN,** by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Seven Addresses on common vices and their results.
- 14 **THE PATHWAY OF SAFETY,** by the Rt. Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D.D. Sound words of advice and encouragement on the text "What must I do to be saved?"
- 15 **THE CHRISTIAN LIFE,** by the Rt. Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D. D. A beautiful delineation of an ideal life from the conversion to the final reward.
- 16 **THE THRONE OF GRACE.** Before which the burdened soul may cast itself on the bosom of infinite love and enjoy in prayer "a peace which passeth all understanding."
- 17 **THE PATHWAY OF PROMISE,** by the author of "The Throne of Grace." Thoughts consolatory and encouraging to the Christian pilgrim as he journeys onward to his heavenly home.
- 18 **THE IMPREGNABLE ROCK OF HOLY SCRIPTURE,** by the Rt. Hon William Ewart Gladstone, M. P. The most masterly defence of the truths of the Bible extant. The author says: The Christian Faith and the Holy Scriptures arm us with the means of neutralizing and repelling the assaults of evil in and from ourselves.
- 19 **STEPS INTO THE BLESSED LIFE,** by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B. A. A powerful help towards sanctification.
- 20 **THE MESSAGE OF PEACE,** by the Rev. Richard W. Church, D. D. Eight excellent sermons on the advent of the Babe of Bethlehem and his influence and effect on the world.
- 21 **JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S TALK,** by the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon.
- 22 **JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S PICTURES,** by the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon.
- 23 **THE CHANGED CROSS; AND OTHER RELIGIOUS POEMS.**

## HENRY ALTEMUS' PUBLICATIONS.

### ALTEMUS' NEW ILLUSTRATED VADEMECUM SERIES.

Masterpieces of English and American Literature, Handy  
Volume Size, Large Type Editions. Each Volume  
Contains Illuminated Title Pages, and Portrait  
of Author and Numerous Engravings

Full Cloth, ivory finish, ornamental inlaid sides and back,  
boxed . . . . . 40  
Full White Vellum, full silver and monotint, boxed . . . . . 50

- 1 CRANFORD, by Mrs. Gaskell.
- 2 A WINDOW IN THRUMS, by J. M. Barrie.
- 3 RAB AND HIS FRIENDS, MARJORIE FLEM-  
ING, ETC., by John Brown, M. D.
- 4 THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD, by Oliver Goldsmith.
- 5 THE IDLE THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE FELLOW,  
by Jerome K. Jerome. "A book for an idle holiday."
- 6 TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE, by Charles and Mary  
Lamb, with an introduction by the Rev. Alfred Ainger,  
M. D.
- 7 SESAME AND LILIES, by John Ruskin.  
Three Lectures—I. Of the King's Treasures. II. Of  
Queen's Garden. III. Of the Mystery of Life.
- 8 THE ETHICS OF THE DUST, by John Ruskin. Ten  
lectures to little housewives on the elements of crystal-  
lization.
- 9 THE PLEASURES OF LIFE, by Sir John Lubbock.  
Complete in one volume.
- 10 THE SCARLET LETTER, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
- 11 THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, by  
Nathaniel Hawthorne.
- 12 MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE, by Nathaniel  
Hawthorne.

## HENRY ALTEMUS' PUBLICATIONS.

---

### Altemus' New Illustrated Vademecum Series— continued.

---

- 13 **TWICE TOLD TALES**, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
- 14 **THE ESSAYS OF FRANCIS (LORD) BACON WITH MEMOIRS AND NOTES.**
- 15 **ESSAYS**, First Series, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
- 16 **ESSAYS**, Second Series, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
- 17 **REPRESENTATIVE MEN**, by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Mental portraits each representing a class. 1. The Philosopher. 2. The Mystic. 3. The Skeptic. 4. The Poet. 5. The Man of the World. 6. The Writer.
- 18 **THOUGHTS OF THE EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS**, translated by George Long.
- 19 **THE DISCOURSES OF EPICTETUS WITH THE ENCHIRIDION**, translated by George Long.
- 20 **OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST**, by Thomas A' Kempis. Four books complete in one volume.
- 21 **ADDRESSES**, by Professor Henry Drummond. The Greatest Thing in the World; Pax Vobiscum; The Changed Life; How to Learn How; Dealing With Doubt; Preparation for Learning; What is a Christian; The Study of the Bible; A Talk on Books.
- 22 **LETTERS, SENTENCES AND MAXIMS**, by Lord Chesterfield. Masterpieces of good taste, good writing and good sense.
- 23 **REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.** A book of the heart. By Ik Marvel.
- 24 **DREAM LIFE**, by Ik Marvel. A companion to "Reveries of a Bachelor."
- 25 **SARTOR RESARTUS**, by Thomas Carlyle.
- 26 **HEROES AND HERO WORSHIP**, by Thomas Carlyle.
- 27 **UNCLE TOM'S CABIN**, by Harriet Beecher Stowe.
- 28 **ESSAYS OF ELIA**, by Charles Lamb.

## HENRY ALTEMUS' PUBLICATIONS.

---

### Altemus' New Illustrated Vademecum Series— continued.

---

- 29 **MY POINT OF VIEW.** Representative selections from the works of Professor Henry Drummond by William Shepard.
- 30 **THE SKETCH BOOK,** by Washington Irving. Complete.
- 31 **KEPT FOR THE MASTER'S USE,** by Frances Ridley Havergal.
- 32 **LUCILE,** by Owen Meredith.
- 33 **LALLA ROOKH,** by Thomas Moore.
- 34 **THE LADY OF THE LAKE,** by Sir Walter Scott.
- 35 **MARMION,** by Sir Walter Scott.
- 36 **THE PRINCESS; AND MAUD,** by Alfred (Lord) Tennyson.
- 37 **CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE,** by Lord Byron.
- 38 **IDYLLS OF THE KING,** by Alfred (Lord) Tennyson.
- 39 **EVANGELINE,** by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
- 40 **VOICES OF THE NIGHT AND OTHER POEMS,** by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
- 41 **THE QUEEN OF THE AIR,** by John Ruskin. A study of the Greek myths of cloud and storm.
- 42 **THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS,** by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
- 43 **POEMS, Volume I,** by John Greenleaf Whittier.
- 44 **POEMS, Volume II,** by John Greenleaf Whittier.

## HENRY ALTEMUS' PUBLICATIONS.

### Altemus' New Illustrated Vademecum Series— continued.

- 45 THE RAVEN; AND OTHER POEMS, by Edgar Allan Poe.
- 46 THANATOPSIS; AND OTHER POEMS, by William Cullen Bryant.
- 47 THE LAST LEAF; AND OTHER POEMS, by Oliver Wendell Holmes.
- 48 THE HEROES OR GREEK FAIRY TALES, by Charles Kingsley.
- 49 A WONDER BOOK, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
- 50 UNDINE, by de La Motte Fouque.
- 51 ADDRESSES, by the Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks.
- 52 BALZAC'S SHORTER STORIES, by Honore de Balzac.
- 53 TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST, by Richard H. Dana, Jr.
- 54 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. An Autobiography.
- 55 THE LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA, by Charles Lamb.
- 56 TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS, by Thomas Hughes.
- 57 WEIRD TALES, by Edgar Allan Poe.
- 58 THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE, by John Ruskin.  
Three lectures on Work, Traffic and War.
- 59 NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD,  
by Professor Henry Drummond.
- 60 ABBE CONSTANTIN, by Ludovic Halevy.
- 61 MANON LESCAUT, by Abbe Prevost.

## HENRY ALTEMUS' PUBLICATIONS.

---

### Altemus' New Illustrated Vademecum Series— continued.

---

- 62 THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN, by  
Octave Feuillet.
- 63 BLACK BEAUTY, by Anna Sewell.
- 64 CAMILLE, by Alexander Dumas, Jr.
- 65 THE LIGHT OF ASIA, by Sir Edwin Arnold.
- 66 THE LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME, by Thomas  
Babington Macaulay.
- 67 THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-  
EATER, by Thomas De Quincey.
- 68 TREASURE ISLAND, by Robert L. Stevenson.
- 69 CARMEN, by Prosper Merimee.
- 70 A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY, by Laurence Sterne.
- 71 THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE, by Nathaniel  
Hawthorne.
- 72 BAB BALLADS, AND SAVOY SONGS, by W. H.  
Gilbert.
- 73 FANCHON, THE CRICKET, by George Sand.
- 74 POEMS, by James Russell Lowell.
- 75 JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S TALK, by the Rev. Charles  
H. Spurgeon.
- 76 JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S PICTURES, by the Rev.  
Charles H. Spurgeon.
- 77 THE MANLINESS OF CHRIST, by Thomas  
Hughes.
- 78 ADDRESSES TO YOUNG MEN, by the Rev. Henry  
Ward Beecher.
- 79 THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST  
TABLE, by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## HENRY ALTEMUS' PUBLICATIONS.

### Altemus' New Illustrated Vademecum Series— continued.

- 80 **MULVANEY STORIES**, by Rudyard Kipling.
- 81 **BALLADS**, by Rudyard Kipling.
- 82 **MORNING THOUGHTS**, by Frances Ridley Havergal.
- 83 **TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM**, by T. S. Arthur.
- 84 **EVENING THOUGHTS**, by Frances Ridley Havergal.
- 85 **IN MEMORIAM**, by Alfred (Lord) Tennyson.
- 86 **COMING TO CHRIST**, by Frances Ridley Havergal.
- 87 **HOUSE OF THE WOLF**, by Stanley Weyman

---

**AMERICAN POLITICS (non-Partisan)**, by Hon. Thomas V. Cooper. A history of all the Political Parties with their views and records on all important questions. All political platforms from the beginning to date. Great Speeches on Great issues. Parliamentary Practice and tabulated history of chronological events. A library without this work is deficient. 8vo., 750 pages. Cloth, \$3.00. Full Sheep Library style, \$4.00.

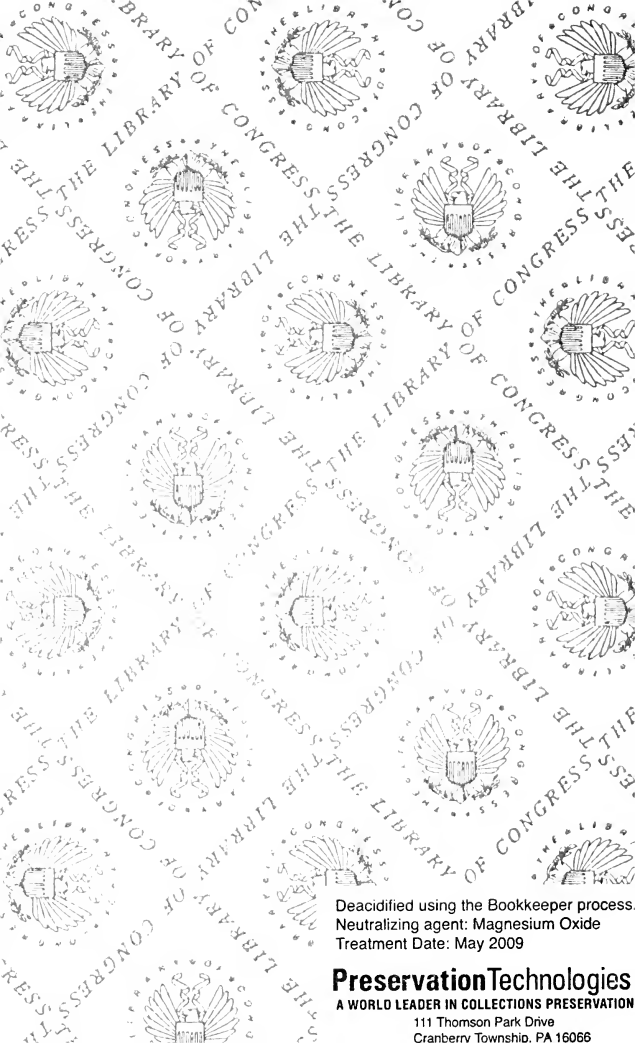
**NAMES FOR CHILDREN**, by Elisabeth Robinson Scovil, author of "The Care of Children," "Preparation for Motherhood." In family life there is no question of greater weight or importance than naming the baby. The author gives much good advice and many suggestions on the subject. Cloth, 12mo., \$ .40.

**TRIF AND TRIXY**, by John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies." The story is replete with vivid and spirited scenes; and is incomparably the happiest and most delightful work Mr. Habberton has yet written. Cloth, 12mo., \$ .35.

C 49 89







Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: May 2009

**PreservationTechnologies**  
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066

**HECKMAN  
BINDERY INC.**



**JAN 89**

**N. MANCHESTER.**



